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The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII. BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1880. NO. 9.

NEWS-NOTES.

—The population of Sioux Falls is 2,227.

—The census gives Brainerd a population of 2,109.

—Vermillion, Dakota, has a population of 714, Clay County about 5,000.

—The Huron *Settler* says graders are at work sixty miles west of that point.

—An eighteen hundred pound elk was recently killed in Coddington county.

—The population of Deadwood is 3,783. That of Lawrence county, Dakota, is 11,282.

—Twenty five mill-rights are at work on the Queen Bee mill, Sioux Falls, Dakota.

—Governor Ordway is now in the Black Hills. He will return via Bismarck and Fargo.

—The jury failing to agree, Robt Neill, late county treasurer, Deadwood, was discharged.

The population of Dakota, as shown by the census returns, will be in the vicinity of 150,000.

—Russia is overrun with flies, locusts, beetles, worms and hunger and poverty stares the masses in the face.

—In the water suits between the Homestake and Boulder Ditch Company, Black Hills, the Homestake wins.

Tammany and Irving Hall democrats refuse to unite in New York thus imperiling the success of the party in New York.

—Chas. Collins has moved his printing office from Brule City to Sioux City, where he will probably settle down to business.

The four presidential candidates were all Generals in the union army. Gen. Garfield, Gen. Hancock, Gen. Weaver and Gen. Dow.

Don Cameron and Roscoe Conkling are taking an active part in the campaign. Don laughs at the idea of the democrats carrying Pennsylvania.

The Yankton *Press & Dakotaian* says the western end of the North Pacific promises a greater wheat yield per acre than any other portion of Dakota.

—The public debt of the United States, at the close of business June 30, 1880, was $2,11[illegible],918.22, a decrease of over ten millions of dollars since the preceding month.

—The Pembina *Pioneer* says the Standard Oil Company intends to gobble a million acres of Dakota wheat land and control the wheat market of the world. "Huckleberry."

—The Northern Pacific railroad company has succeeded in placing its Pend d'Oreille division bonds at nearly par. The estimated sales of lands in that division for the present year is $500,000.

—There are now employed in freighting from Fort Pierre to Deadwood 1,300 yoke of cattle, 600 span of mules and 100 span of horses. This gives employment to over 1,000 men in the capacity of teamsters.

A colored man named Pierre Barquet has passed the examination, and been appointed an inspector of customs at the Port of New York, being the first of his race to occupy the position in that city.

—The Canada Pacific railroad now seems to be an immediate certainty. The Dominion government is negotiating with a party of [illegible] capitalists, now in Ottawa, who will raise $[illegible],000,000, and build the entire road, the government granting a subsidy of 60,000,000 acres of land.

The steamer "Gulnare" put into St. Johns, N. B., for repairs, having been out [illegible] from Washington. A detective [illegible] shows that the board of inspection was [illegible] to the vessel's being in [illegible] condition. Perhaps the Pittsburgh [illegible] will attribute this mishap to Gen. [illegible].

We learn that many of the hostile Indians who surrendered a short time ago at Fort Keogh and turned in their guns, are skipping [illegible] with the guns that they had secreted. The young Bucks have no taste for quietude and consequently all remaining to draw rations are old men and squaws.—*Yellowstone Journal.*

—Hon. W. G. Ward, the candidate of the [illegible] in the Minnesota first congressional district, offers to withdraw from the canvass if Mr. Dunnell, the republican nominee, will do the same, the then to allow his name to go before the convention for endorsement. Mr. Dunnell [illegible] the same principal that a man [illegible] better give up his pocketbook when [illegible] of [illegible] at him.

—According to estimates under the new census the southern states will lose thirteen representatives in congress, and may possibly gain three, two in Texas and one in Missouri. The Northern states will probably lose eight members and gain eight, the gains going to Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and California. Eleven democratic states will probably lose their own representatives, and two democratic states gain three representatives, four republican states lose five representatives, and seven republican states gain eighteen, while three doubtful states lose four representatives.

Peculiarities of the Country Press.

Cameron Pioneer: "Mrs. Paclon's babe has been sick with diorrhea.

Fargo Argus: If the editor of one of the Bismarck papers who knows a little more than the other, and a little less than a mule, could work up such efforts as that to the *Pioneer Press*, by "Cactus," the town might be proud of its local press.

Coe County Exchange: Mr. Hannan's brindle cow gave birth to a pure white calf last week.

Indian Outrages.

The mail which left Bismarck July 10th for Miles City was captured by Indians, and the carrier, Henry Freise, killed at a point three miles west of Pennell station, on the 12th inst. Freise was found shot through the head about half a mile from the track. The wagon was found near by. The ends of the mail-sacks were found and the mail scattered about the prairie. Judging from the tracks there were eight or ten Indians in the party.

THE WORLD'S NEWS

DR. TANNER DESPONDENT AND LIKELY TO CROSS THE RIVER

Wind and Water Not a Good Diet---The Spanish Outrage---The Republican Campaign---Suicide in New York.

THE GREAT FAST.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Dr. Tanner's condition last night seemed to be critical, he complained in the morning of nausia and cramps and his appearance was haggard in the extreme; he was evidently very weak all day and only kept up with the greatest effort. He slept a great deal and was irritable and disinclined to talk. Dr. Miller thinks the crisis is approaching and that the doctor cannot stand the strain much longer.

ANOTHER VIRGINIUS AFFAIR.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The cabinet expects a full report from the United States war steamer Tennessee on the Spanish ship firing into American vessels, at today's cabinet meeting.

THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

NEW YORK, July 23.—There is much delay in pumping out the Hudson river tunnel where the accident occurred, the pumps making no appreciable impression on the water. Engineer Pearson says he has no hope of pumping the tunnel out and is only working to keep up appearances. The only way to get at the drowned people is to coffer dam the break and it will be impssible to reach the bodies until some time next week.

THE TURF

CHICAGO, July 23.—The Jockey Club races at Chicago drew out 15,000 or more people yesterday. The great event of the day was the race between St Julian, Hopeful and Darby. The former won in three straight heats. Time—2:16½, 2:17¾, 2:18¼. St. Julian,s driver said he could make better time than the famous California record if he had been put to the test of his speed.

CIVIL SERVICE.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Some rumors exist of a movement on hand to remove Collector Merritt because of his attitude toward Mr. Arthur, the candidate for vice president and his apparent apathy in the campaign. The movement is on the part of the stalwarts, and Secretary Sherman denies all intention of submitting to it.

SKOBELOFF SCOOPED

NEW YORK, July 23.—The report has reached St Petersburg that the Turcomans had captured and beheaded the Russian General Skobeloff.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Mrs. Anna Wetmore, an American lady of beauty and distinction, committed suicide by poison at the residence of Lady Pelham, in Paris. She was until recently engaged to Lord Anglesy, who a short time since married another American widow, Mrs. Widahouse, of Georgia, and grief and disappointment, it is supposed, induced Mrs Wetmore to commit the act.

THE CAMPAIGN DISCUSSED.

CHICAGO, July 23.—The western branch of the national Republican committee met at Chicago yesterday, Senator Logan presiding. There were present J. C. New, of Indianapolis; postmaster Filly, of St. Louis; King, Emor, and Cooper. The situation in Indiana and Ohio was the chief topic of the convention, and Mr New felt confident of success in the former state, and Cooper, of Ohio, said there was no cause for any alarm in that state.

The Camp of the Sixth Infantry.

An officer of the Sixth Infantry, writing to a friend in this city, requesting THE TRIBUNE, says: "As the regiment will be here a year or more, I must have THE TRIBUNE. We are 165 miles south from Rawlins, Wyoming, at the end of a military road, on a fine cold and rapid stream that runs through a little valley in the most barren, hateful and horrible country I ever saw." The contrast between the above camp and the former station of the regiment at Lincoln, Buford and Stevenson can be readily appreciated by Dakotaians.

I. O. O. F.

The following officers of Mandan Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., have been installed for the current term, viz: Louis Hechler, N. G; Wm. Van Kuster, V. G; Sig Hanauer, R. S; Valentine Schreck, Treas; J. E. Plants, R. S. to N. G; W. A. Hollembaek, L. S. to N. G; John Mason, R. S. to V. G; G. W. Raceck, L. S. to V. G; Wm. A. Bentley, Warden; Horatio B. Cliff, Conductor; J. M. Carnahan, S. G; Wm. Jordan, R. S. S; Fred Hyde, L. S. S; W. Baer, P. G. Finance committee, Wm. Von Kuster, J. M. Carnahan, Wm. A. Hollembaek.

Music by the Band.

Mr. Mark has opened a concert hall on Main street, in the building formerly occupied by Glitschka, the grocer. A German orchestrian *spiels* from early morn till late at night the extravaganzas of music for which that country is noted, inviting the weary wayfarer to "dew drop in" and partake of the cool and refreshing lager and fragrant Havanna.

RIVER RIFFLES.

The Eclipse left Monday for Benton.

The C. K. Peck left Monday for Benton.

The Peninah left Thursday for the Yellowstone.

The Western left Yankton for Benton on Tuesday, the 20th.

The Batchelor, for the Yellowstone, leaves next Tuesday.

The Batchelor passed Terry's Landing on the 22d for this point.

The Gen. Terry will arrive to-day and leave Tuesday for Assinaboine landing.

The Benton passed Buford on the 19th at noon, and the Butte on the morning of the 22d.

The Helena leaves this evening for Benton. She will have on the Stevens engineer party.

The Gen. Meade, of the contract line, is loading at Sioux City for this point. She will hereafter run from this point above.

Jesse Stapleton, mate of the Helena, lassooed a buffalo calf without ringing a slow bell, on the boat's last trip down. Jesse is immense with the lariat.

The Rosebud, fourteen days out from this place to Benton, passed Buford last night, loaded with wool, hides and cattle. She is advertised to leave here again Saturday, 24th.

The renowned Big Horn, Capt. John Todd, arrived from Terry's Landing, Monday night, with a large cargo of hides and full passenger list. She left yesterday with a full cargo for Keogh and crowded with passengers. Col. Otis, for Keogh, was a passenger, also the Hon. Martin Maginnis, democratic delegates in congress from Montana. Mr. Maguiness goes to Helena, via Bozeman.

The contract line of boats this season are handling an immense amount of government freight with dexterity, keeping the levee and warehouses clear. More freight is being handled this year than last, and its rapid transmission reflects great credit upon Capt. J. C. Barr, the agent. It is to be hoped that the rumored resignation of Capt. Barr will not be accepted. A more faithful officer does not live.

The Key West, which left Bismarck July 1st, 2 a. m., arrived at Benton Saturday, July 10th, 4:15 p. m.—nine days, four hours and 15 minutes out. She had on 208 tons of freight, thirty cabin and ten deck passengers. She left Benton at 2 p. m. on the 13th and arrived at Bismarck at 9:15 p. m. 16th,—15 days 7 hours and 15 minutes making the round trip, according to her log. She had on 85 head of cattle for W. H. Thurston & Co., and a large number of hides for the east.

The Coulson line steamer Key West arrived from Fort Benton on Saturday last with a large consignment of wool and hides—the first wool from Montana this season which was shipped to Boston by the Northern Pacific railroad and lake from Duluth. The Key West loaded with 265 tons and left for Fort Benton on Tuesday evening. One item of her cargo was 4,750 sacks of flour destined for the N. B. British Mounted Police. The Key West made her last trip to Benton and return to this place in sixteen days. Among her passengers was Judge Courtney and bride.

THE NEW POST OFFICE.

One of the Marked Improvements of the City.

The new postoffice fixtures are now in place. The building is 24x60 feet; the fixtures were manufactured at Stamford, Conn., by the Yale Lock Manufacturing Company, and cost $1609. They embrace 789 call boxes, 100 lock boxes, with space provided for 600 more lock boxes. Neat rooms are fitted up for the registry and money order business, and a private room for the postmaster. The mouldings and base boards are black walnut, with the body shelack finish. There is no neater or more convenient office in any city in the United States. The fixtures and extension of the building cost $3,000. The people who for the past three years have so cheerfully contributed to the revenues of the postoffice department in the way of box rents are entitled to all the credit for this new outfit, for without this the office would have remained in the third instead of being raised to the second class, and the investment in such an outfit would have been unwarranted. The fixtures are not supplied by the government, but are put in by the person owning the building. The box rents do not go to the postmaster, but to the government, and from the fund thus created the rent of the office will hereafter be paid. Until July 1st the postmaster has furnished room lights, fuel and clerk hire without any return from the government excepting $200 per annum for clerk hire. The office now is of the same rank as Auburn and Binghampton, New York, Akron, Ohio, Winona and Redwing, Minn., while Faribault, Northfield, Hastings and Duluth, Minn., are in the grade below. It has the same rank as Marshall, Marquette, Jackson and Kalamazoo, Mich. It is the fourth office in Dakota, Deadwood, Yankton and Fargo leading it just a little.

Sad Accident.

Charles McNutt, a brakeman on the Northern Pacific railroad, met with a most serious accident at Crystal Springs last Sunday. While attempting to get aboard the train between two flat cars, his foot caught on a tie, causing him to fall in the direction the train was going. In doing this his arm was thrown under the passing wheels and crushed so that it had to be amputated a little below the shoulder. This surgical operation was performed by Dr. Porter, the arm being taken off within one inch of the shoulder. Mr. McNutt is doing well, and was removed to Brainerd.

Patents for Land.

The patents for the homesteads of Adam Mann, Peter W. Helmer, Henry L. Notmeyer, John W. Millet, John A. Mason and John Bowen were received this week at the U. S. Land Office. Call and get your deeds.

CHAPLAIN McCABE.

His Sermons and His Lecture on "Libby Prison."

Saturday evening the great Chaplain of the M. E. church arrived in Bismarck. Rev. McCabe was fresh from Jamestown, where he made a ten strike on Friday evening. With Presiding Elder Starkey he held a meeting ostensibly to deliver his famous lecture on the "Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison." The house was crowded and the lecture was pronounced a rare treat. Following came the announcement that the Methodists would build a church in the beautiful capital of the James Valley, and the present was the accepted time. A subscription paper was started, and the result showed $1,366,66. The chaplain preached the first sermon in the new church here on Saturday evening, and on Sunday preached two more. Each was the best heard in Bismarck. McCabe is eloquent, practical and impressively orthodox. He is a fearless talker. As a singer he has only one rival in the Methodist church—Philip Phillips. After one of his songs on Sunday, Mr. Starkey stepped to the edge of the platform and said: "I have heard Sankey sing to an audience of 10,000 people, and it was not a bit better than that." He ranked McCabe with Sankey. At the two services on Sunday the subscription to the building fund was announced in round numbers, $1,200. Chaplain Jackson, of Fort Lincoln, pledged $200 of that amount. He has already turned in $100, which has been applied on the lots, and the additional $200 go to the same purpose. To his generosity and vim are credited $600, the cost of the lots. He was instrumental in selecting the site, and has placed himself on record as instrumental in paying for it. Such instruments of the Lord are worth having. McCabe subscribed $200 for a friend, who authorizes him to draw occasionally. He also pledged $25 for Aunty Harris, who wants the Methodists to pray at noon. Aunty is an all day christian. On Monday evening the chaplain gave his lecture on "Libby." It was entertaining and historical. The humor of the address was emphatically good. It was not hard to listen to. A hat collection concluded the services. The Methodists, headed by the invincible Ball, are building the finest church on the Northern Pacific. His work is a monument to Bismarck.

ROBERTS ARRESTED.

He is Charged with Fraud by Two Irresponsible Soldiers.

J. L. Roberts was arrested last evening, charged with tampering with the weights used in weighing beef at Standing Rock, two soldiers making affidavit that Roberts secured their services to cork and paint the weights after the drilling had been done. Mr. Roberts had previously made an affidavit charging a person in the employ of the quartermaster at Standing Rock with having offered to fix the weights so that 860 pounds would represent 1,600. Mr. Roberts was in charge of the herd which is owned by P. H. Kelly of St. Paul, N. P. Clark of St. Cloud, and P. H. Seims of Bismarck. As these are the only parties that could gain by the change of weights, it will require something more than the affidavit of these two soldiers to impeach their integrity. It will be very hard for the *Sun*, even, to believe that these gentlemen would be concerned in a fraud of this character, and it will be very hard to believe that Mr. Roberts would call in soldiers to aid him to perpetrate a fraud that could in no manner benefit him. It seems singular that he should call that kind of help to cork and paint, when skilled labor must have been required to drill the weights. This whole business smacks of conspiracy, and Gen. Carlin, commanding the post, and Indian Agent Stephan, both owe it to themselves to join in an investigation which will find the irresponsible devils who have been engaged in it.

Suits Bismarck.

A Boston telegram reports that the standard oil company which started a few years ago with a capital of $100,000 and has accumulated in the meantime $22,000,000, purposes investing the greater portion of its capital in Minnesota and Dakota land. They purpose buying and improving whole townships, in one instance nearly an entire county. Considerable alarm is felt in the east lest this threatened monopoly should prove far reaching and disastrous in its effects. THE TRIBUNE will welcome the outfit as long as they confine their operations to the Red River valley. The small farmers are preferred here.

Every Time.

The murderer, Jack Venable, who killed Alexander O'Neill, both sable colored sons of Africanus, was captured by Sheriff McKenzie and brought into camp Saturday last. The Sheriff deployed his skirmishers on all sides, corralled all the skiffs on the river, and like a true general, the enemy was surrounded and compelled to surrender. He will now languish in the county castle until the terrors of the grand jury and the judicial exodus into eternity is over.

Dodge's Misfortune.

J. E. Dodge, rodman for preliminary survey of the Northern Pacific railroad, was drowned in the Yellowstone river, several miles east of Big Horn river, on 28th of June. Should anyone find the body, please have it tenderly cared for, notify me and receive reward.

G. F. COPELAND,
41 Cooper St., St. Paul, Minn.

New Postoffice.

A new post office is about being established at Clark's farm, with John I Steen, postmaster. Steele has received his commission and is now a full-fledged P. M.

THE GROWING GRAIN

BURLEIGH COUNTY'S CEREAL PROSPECTS UNEXCELLED.

Wheat that Promises a Yield of Over Forty Bushels and Oats Seventy-five Bushels to the Acre ---Jubilant Farmers.

THE PROSPECTS.

Although there has not been as much of a rain-fall this year as last, still the ground retains a greater degree of moisture than in any previous year. Late sown oats will be somewhat affected dry weather, but early sown grain of all kinds is now out of the way, and harvesting will begin, in some localities, next week. Everything thus far indicates a heavy yield. There are fields in Burleigh county that will turn out over seventy-five bushels of oats and over forty bushels of wheat to the acre. The most extravagant predictions will certainly prove true should nothing unforseen blast the crops. Drouth cannot injure them now, and only hail is feared. It has been stated by high authority that the Missouri river valley is not a hail centre, and that after the 15th of May

NO FEAR OF HAIL

need be had. The heads of wheat now maturing in this section are of extraordinary length; the average is over four inches, and several will average nearly five. A bunch of heads from the Steele farm and another from Quinlan's place have been sent east. In each the heads were over five inches long. The average length of straw is four and one-half feet. An inspection of the oat crop shows very thrifty stalk, three to four and one half feet. The heads are very long and the oats heavy. This year's crop of corn will also demonstrate the fact that anything can be raised in this country. At the landing is a piece of corn already in tassel and silk. Other pieces have begun to tassel, and the yield with a few more showers will be immense. During the season there has been more ground broken for crops next year in Burleigh county than has been cultivated before, putting all the years together. On the Mandan side of the river extensive breaking is also being done.

OVER 3,000 ACRES

on the Custer flat west of Lincoln will be turned over this year. Yet, with all this year's improvements there has been but a small section of land occupied compared with the 51,000 square miles in this district. There is not a square mile in this vast area but that will produce from twenty to forty bushels of wheat to the acre. Three hundred thousand families can live happily and become rich on the Upper Missouri river valley. Its stock ranges, many of them are as good as those of Montana, as will be proven by Messrs. Leighton & Jordan, who have a large herd near Buford. While farming is profitable, it is also easy. All kinds of improved machinery can be used, and one man with a team can do as much in one day in Dakota as four men with as many teams can do in Michigan or Wisconsin.

THE CLIMATE

is certainly delightful, especially the summer season. The days are very long, which accounts for the rapid growth of crops, and the nights cool. There has been but three uncomfortably warm days this season, and but two nights that a person could lay aside the blankets. The musquitoes, which have heretofore been numerous in this section, have passed on to new regions, and the head net and smudge now belong to Jamestown and Fargo. While the people in New York City are being struck by the sun at the rate of ten to fifty a day, Bismarck is enjoying a perpetual autumn. Burleigh county defies comparison to her wheat fields, and asks the country to keep an eye on this year's harvest.

The Delegateship.

[Cass County Inter-State.]

The delegate fight this fall seems to be narrowed down to Hon. Granville G. Bennett, the present incumbent, and to Hon. R. F. Pettigrew, of Sioux Falls. Either of the above gentlemen are abundantly able to take care of the interests and welfare of the territory of Dakota. Delegate Bennett has shown himself to be a careful, able and painstaking delegate. He has worked faithfully for his constituents, has promptly attended to their needs and in many cases has anticipated their wishes in important matters. His record in the discharge of his duties speak volumes in his favor. If the usual courtesy of a second term is recognized, and to which he is justly and clearly entitled, he will receive the nomination, and be re-elected by an overwhelming majority.

The Duluth Elevator.

Chas. Weaver has gone to Duluth to assist in the construction of the new 1,000,000 bushel elevator which is being erected by Messrs. Munger & Groves for the elevator company. The same parties have contracted to duplicate the present elevator in 1882 and again in 1884. The contract calls for $600,000 for the three buildings. The building is 132 feet high and must be a huge one to hold one million bushels.

Amusements.

Billy Mack and wife (Edith Valentine) and Chas. Vincent and wife (Georgie Morrell) left on the Big Horn to fill an engagement with John Smith, at Miles City. The Opera House is in good hands, however, as long as such talented people remain as Jackson, Peasley, Willis, Ida Vincent, Vernie Vernon and Davenport.

PURELY PERSONAL.

W. A. Hollembaek went east this morning.

Matt Laib has gone to Minnesota to visit his family.

Mr. N. P. Clark, of St. Cloud, was in the city this week.

Mr. A. Hard, leading jeweler at Fargo, goes up on the Helena.

Dr. Burleigh, the "merchant prince" at Miles City, arrived Saturday.

Miss Minnie Davidson left this morning for a short visit at Brainerd.

Lieut. John H. McBlair, (retired) of New Mexico, arrived in the city to-day.

Mrs. J. R. Spahr and Mrs. H. G. Stripe have gone on an excursion to Fort Beton.

Capt. D. W. Maratta, of the Coulson line, went to St. Paul yesterday morning on business.

Frank J. Meade and family left for Minneapolis, Monday, to spend the remainder of the season.

Mr. Robert Roberts, one of Bismarck's "old time boys," is in the city looking after his business interests.

Mr. A. Scapegoat, of the Fargo *Argus*, passed two days with the boys who "cohabit" in THE TRIBUNE office.

Col. Mike Sherridan and a party of ladies were the guests of C. F. Kindred at Sylvan Lake last week.

Hon. G. G. Bennett and family arrived from Yankton Saturday and took a special coach for Deadwood Sunday.

Father J. A. Stephan, Indian agent at Standing Rock, was up on a purchasing trip to the agency Tuesday and Wednesday.

Dr. Bigelow increased his financial exchequer to the extent of one dollar by service to his country in the shape of grand juror at the Fargo circuit court.

The Brainerd *Tribune* says Gen. Sergeant is building a summer residence on the banks of Detroit Lake, having purchased thirteen acres of land for the purpose.

Hon. John M. Gilman, of St. Paul, interested in the Florence Mine, was in the city Tuesday en route for Deadwood, where he goes to look after the interests of his company.

Mr. Barney, the representative of Beaupre, Allen & Keogh, of St. Paul, accompanied the "young man of the *Argus*" during his financial tour of Bismarck and its surroundings.

P. Donan, the irrepressible, the irredeemable, the immaculate progressor of woman's rights, arrived from a trip to booming and prosperous (in a horn) Arkansas, Saturday and left at once for his golden northwest.

W. L. Peck, for some years with C. J. Montfort & Co., St. Paul, has accepted a position with J. W. Raymond & Co., of this city. Mr. Peck has those elements of popularity about him which will make him a valuable addition to Mr. Raymond's working force.

C. W. Siagle, of Iowa, F. B. Sturgis, of Indiana, A. B. Nichols, of Louisiana, Gen. Anderson, chief engineer of the North Pacific railroad, and James B. Power, land commissioner of the road, have gone to the extension to examine the last 100 miles of road previous to its acceptance by the railroad authorities.

Mr. M. H. Jewell, of THE TRIBUNE, accompanied by F. Jay Haynes of Fargo, the official photographer of the North Pacific, leave this evening on the Helena for Benton and other points in Montana. The people throughout the country may expect a series of wild Montana scenes never before taken. At least 200 stereoscopic views will be made.

Wm. H. Mercer, of Painted Woods, was in the city yesterday to buy harvesting machines. He has 150 acres of wheat and oats that promise an enormous yield. Mr. Mercer was one of the first half dozen settlers in Burleigh county, was one of the first board of county commissioners and it will be seen he has not been idle. He has twenty acres in corn and vegetables—150 acres in all under cultivation.

Judge Courtney, of Fort Berthold, was married to Miss Fannie Patterson, at the Episcopal church, Bismarck, by Rev. A. J. Yeater on Monday at 5 p. m. The church was well filled with friends who met to witness the ceremony and bid the happy pair success in their life work. They left next day for Benton on a brief wedding tour after which the judge will return to his post at Fort Berthold.

Subjects for Creedmoor.

Six men returned by Tuesday night's train who had been detailed from the 18th infantry to participate in the shooting match at Fort Snelling. Two only out of the detail were chosen, who were sent to Fort Leavenworth, where another trial of skill will be had previous to selection for the Creedmoor matches, which take place next month.

Warning to Newspaper Men.

News comes from Fargo of the accidental death of Mr. Chambers, recently of the Fargo *Times*. He was driving out to his farm with a load of lumber, the team became frightened, and Mr. Chambers was thrown beneath the wagon in such a manner as to receive fatal injuries. His body was found yesterday morning about four o'clock.

Golden Rule Encampment.

The officers elect of Golden Rule Encampment, No. 4, are as follows: D. W. Marratta, Grand Patriarch; Wm. A. Bentley, High Priest; Louis Heckler, Senior Warden; J. M. Carnahan, Junior Warden; Valentine Shreck, Treasurer; Wm Van Kuster, Scribe; Sig Hanauer and J. M. Carnahan, Trustees.

The New Court House.

The new court house, under the able management of Mr. O. H. P. Rudesill, the agent of Pauly Bros., is assuming massive proportions. The steel cells have arrived and are being placed in position in the second story. Thus far the work reflects great credit on the builders.

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THE WINDMILL.

Behold a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, the wheat and the rye.
And grind them into flour

I look down over the farms:
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling aloft my arms,
For I know it's all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off from the threshing floors
In barns with their open doors
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive.
My master the miller stands
And feeds me with his hands,
For he knows who makes him thrive
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest,
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din,
I cross my hands on my breast,
And all is peace within.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

STELLA'S LOVER.

"Who is he?" asked Stella; she and Felicia Martin were idly looking out upon the driveway of Mr. Martin's country-seat through the narrow latticed windows.

"That is Colonel Audenreid," answered Felicia, adjusting her eyeglasses. "Papa is bringing him here to dine. He is a widower; he's lived abroad for years. Seems to me I've heard that his course of true love didn't run smooth. He has the most bewitching melancholy eyes, and such a manner! You can't help wishing he was in love with you."

That night, while the girls combed out their braids and curls, in the low wainscoted chamber, Felicia suddenly remarked, "I believe there will be a second Mrs. Audenreid."

Stella gave a start and returned from an excursion into the past.

"Do you know," continued Fencia, "I caught him looking at your reflection in the mirror, with his heart in his eyes. I wonder the first Mrs. Audenreid didn't turn in her grave."

"Felicia don't! you make me shudder," cried Stella. "Your imagination is better than your eyesight; you are always seeing somebody devouring somebody else with their glances. I'm sure I thought Colonel Audenreid was as indifferent as a star in heaven."

"Modest creature! He had ears for nobody but yourself, as well as eyes. It is *Kismet.* Why was not I born under some lucky planet?"

From that date Colonel Audenreid became a frequent guest at Mr. Martin's suburban retreat. He rode with Stella and Felicia over the hills; he picnicked with them at the edge of the pine woods; he drifted on the lake at sunset by their side, and filled the boat with water-lilies and spicy branches of the wild azelea; he amused them with glimpses of his Continental life; with stories of war, in which he led a forlorn hope; of camp and hospital regimen. Sometimes they took the train to the city, and laughed together over some comedy, or hung entranced over some famous singer's tones; or they joined a pleasure party to the Isles of Shoals or down the harbor, returning in the dewy evening with the stars leaning out of heaven, and the whip-poor-will making the night melancholy. Once they paused at the gate to listen to its plaintive voice. Felicia had passed on to the piazza; the pines stood out tall and dusky against the heavens; the roses shook out an odorous breadth whenever the wind touched them.

"You should hear the nightingales fluting about my home in Surrey, when the night falls; it is like the refrain of some sad poem," said Colonel Audenreid.

"You must have been very happy there in that beautiful country," returned Stella.

Colonel Audenreid opened the gate for her to pass on, without replying, with a distraught air, as if he were already miles away from the subject.

"I think he did not like me to speak of that time," she confessed to Felicia.

"Fiddlesticks," returned that person.

"Perhaps it was too sacred."

"Pshaw! are you blind, Stella?" None so blind as those who won't see, I've heard. I hastened into the house on purpose to give him a chance to speak to you. I saw it in his eyes."

"I never saw such sights as yours, though I've always understood near-sighted people could see in the dark. He has nothing special to say to me."

"Then he is the greatest humbug extant. He leaves us next mounth. If he says nothing before then I shall never believe in signs and omens again."

"Nor in your own eyesight? Poor Felicia I'm afraid you're doomed to disappointment:"

"I've set my heart on the match."

The next day Mr. Martin and his family set out for a week's camping out—"A little taste of gypsy life," he said; and so Colonel Audenreid, confessing that a nice camp was quite homelike and irresistible, followed, bearing his part in pitching tents, baking and hewing, and gathering the drift-wood to boil the kettle. They sat on the beach at night within view of the smouldering drift-wood fire, watching the sails that gleamed in the starlight for an instant like ghosts, and were gone, the revolving lights like big glow-worms, lifting sea-songs, repeating all the lore and romance of the "melancholy main." Col. Audenreid's arctic expedition as well as his Indian voyages furnished material for conversation, even had he not been once shipwrecked, and once in peril from mutiny; but he seemed the merest *dilettante* while he lounged upon the sands, quoting poetry and carrolling snatches of ballads to two very pretty girls.

"'The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.'"

he repeated one night, as he gave his hand for Stella to rise.

"Did you notice," said Felicia, later; "he spoke in the present tense? He ignored the past."

"He was quoting from the German."

"How stupid you are, Stella! If you will not respond, how is a lover to know if you care?"

"And what makes you think that I care?"

"How can you help it? Oh, why *doesn't* he make love to me that way?"

"Nonsense, Felicia; he makes the same sort of love to every girl he meets, I suppose."

"*I* don't suppose anything of the kind."

The following day the wind turned east, a drizzling, lazy rain set in, blotting out everything, and obliging them to fold their tents and take refuge in the Sea-shell-House at hand; and by midnight all the powers of the air were abroad; the sea seamed to beat and bellow under their very windows, the wind whipped it into fine feathers of spray, and the darkness was like a garment. There was a gray sickly dawn creeping upon the sky, when Stella, looking from her window, saw in the distance the outlines of a ragged wreck painted boldly against the horizon, and the shore swarming with people moving about uncertainly.

"Oh, Stella," cried Felicia, "here's a real shipwreck! Let us put on our wraps and creep down to the shore, and hear all about it. I wouldn't miss it for worlds!"

Felicia's teeth were chattering mightily as they took their way to the shore and mingled among the groups of men and women.

"She'll go to pieces in no time at all," some one was prophesying. "Jim saw folks a-clinging to the masts and things, with his glass."

"That's a master glass of his'n," said another. "But ain't they going for to do nothing."

"They've sent for a life-line; but it ain't any pleasant places that line's fallen into, let me tell you. Jim he was a-going with it but for me and the children. I'm powerful glad he didn't."

"Girls! girls!" cried Mr. Martin, bustling up, "this is no place for you. Better go back to your beds. Trying scene. None of these clod-hoppers would carry out the line to save a soul. Audenreid has gone out with it himself—a terrible risk. So much brilliancy and cultivation, so much wit and experience, as good as thrown away. They'll have to pull the line in presently, no doubt, and it would be painful for you to be here, my dears, after so much pleasant companionship. Oh, Stella! Stella! my dear girl—"

Stella had fainted away.

It was a stirring morning that followed at the little Sea-shell House, providing for the rescued, listening to their story, and talking over the event. When Stella left her room, about noon, she was met by a fisherman's wife bringing her a sealed note. "I found it in the pocket of Jim's pea-jacket, and I found out how it was for Miss Stella Ames, and they told me you were the lady as fainted on the beach," she explained. "You see Jim has gone for the doctor up to town, and he changed his coat first to look ship-shape like."

"Thank you," said Stella. "Who can have written to me here?" as she tore open and read:

"I am going to carry the life line to a ship-wrecked crew. I shall probably never return alive, but it is their only chance. While you are dreaming on your pillow. I shall, perhaps, be tasting the bitterness of death and parting. 'Verily, death is this'—to see you no more till the sea gives up its dead. My darling, my darling, let me have the happiness of repeating I love you, I love you, Stella. Good-by, sweetheart, good-by.

JOHN AUDENREID."

Then she turned to the torn envelope addressed to Miss Stella Ames, Sea-shell House. "To be delivered to her in case I never return." The revelation was premature. Colonel Audenreid had returned, but so spent that the doctor had been summoned from town. Mr. Martin took his family back to Martinvale, but Colonel Audenreid remained at the seaside a week longer under treatment. In the meantime Stella went home—home for Stella meaning attendance on the whims of a wealthy hypochondriac, with a small stipend, without relaxation. One morning the post brought her a letter from Felicia. Perhaps it contained news of Colonel Audenreid. It did with a vengeance.

"DEAREST STELLA" (it began),—How odd that the very thing I wished should come to pass! I'm almost daft. To think that, after all my nonsense, it should be me—myself—little insignificant, near-sighted Felicia Martin, whom Colonel Audenried asks to marry him! I can hardly believe my ears; and all the while I believed he was smitten by your charms. How glad I am that you didn't care for him! You must be my bridesmaid. Mamma says it shall be white satin and pearls.

"Yours in the seventh heaven,

FELICIA."

"P. S.—After all, he doesn't make *quite* the ideal lover I fancied—he is so respectful, and—not at all gushing, you know. By-the-way, you never told me how you came to faint that night of the wreck."

It was no wonder that Mrs. Davis found Stella distraught that day, talking at random, absent-eyed, and fantastic in her moods. What did it all mean? Why had Colonel Audenreid written her that note if he loved Felecia, and why was he going to marry her if he loved somebody else? Didn't he know that she had received his message of love? Or did he mean simply to ignore it, having seen fit to change? From living in a state of happy excitement, when every footstep in the street below might be Colonel Audenreid's, who was hastening to repeat the burden of his note, Stella was suddenly brought down to earth, to the dull certainty that nothing more was ever likely to happen to her, that there had been some dreadful mistake somewhere, which had lent her days a rose-color for a little while, to be sure, only to leave them grayer and more forlorn than before. All at once she remembered with a shudder that Colonel Audenreid's fatal note was at Martinvale; for that one morning she had been reading it and getting it by heart in her own room, when Felicia knocked at the door, and she had slipped the precious document between the leaves of her *Golden Treasury*, lying on the toilet table and just then Felicia had entered with Mrs. Davis's summons for Stella to return to duty, and in her hasty packing and departure she had left Martinvale without the book. Some day she promised herself to beg leave of Mrs. Davis to run down to Martinvale and secure her treasure, not that its possession would signify to her any longer, only in order to keep it from Felicia's eyes; but Mrs. Davis would not hear to being left alone for an hour, and sometimes Stella cherished the insane idea of writing to Mrs. Martin and request that lady to send the *Golden Treasury of Song*, which she woulo find in the gable room, without opening it.

"Dear Mrs. Davis," she begged one day, when a couple of months had gone by, and she had heard no more of pearls and satins and bridesmaids from Felicia, "do let me run down to Martinvale, only to stay over a train: it is very important."

"A matter of life and death?"

"It concerns the litelong happiness of two people."

"Can't you tell me about it?"

"Yes, I will, and then you will surely let me go. When I was at Martinvale in the summer, I met Col—a certain gentleman. He was very kind. He carried the life-line out to a distressed crew when we were all at the beach together, and he left a little foolish, hasty note for me, in case he never returned: by some mistake the note was brought to me, though he *did* return. It was a hasty little affair, you know, written, no doubt, under strong excitement, when he misunderstood his own feelings, I suppose dfor I have never seen him since, and the note is in my *Golden Treasury*, which I left behind me, and my friend Felica Martin may find it, and it will break her heart, for she is going to marry Colonel Audenried.—O! I did not mean to tell his name: but you will forget it, dear Mrs. Davis, and let me go at once?"

"I am not likely to forget it, child," laughed Mrs. Davis. "It is my own name before I married. Colonel Audenried is a sort of a cousin of mine. it is a very pretty story. Yes, you shall go. So the note would break Felicia's heart, would it? It must have been very tender."

"But you see there must have been some mistake about it."

"Well, there are as good fish in the sea as ever yet was caught, child. Go and look after Felicia's happiness if you will." And for the first time Mrs. Davis kissed Stella's white cheek.

"You might have been my cousin, you know," she explained.

But Stella never reached Martinvale. Stepping into the station, she ran against Colonel Audenreid stepping out, with her Golden Treasury in his hand. They looked at each other for a breathing space.

"I was going to you," said the colonel.

"Where is Felicia?" demanded Stella.

"At home—and happy still. Where were you going?"

"To Martinvale, for my Golden Treasury."

"I have made the journey unnecessary. Let me call a carriage and take you home. I have a great deal to confess."

"It happened oddly enough," he explained, later, when he had given orders to be driven "home." "I had left the note to be given you in case I never returned.

Afterward when I asked Jim to surrender it, he confessed that he couldn't lay hands upon it: must have lost it through the hole in the pocket of his pea-jacket That was of no consequence: if he had dropped it on the beach, the tide had hidden it Returning alive, I prepared to do my courting by word of mouth. I did not know you had left Mr. Martin's. When I was able to walk, I went there to find you. It was dusk when I approached through the garden. Somebody was dreaming on the piazza. 'It is Stella,' I thought. Inside the house Mrs. Martin was speaking to Felicia. I heard her say distinctly, 'Shall you go to town to-morrow, Felicia?' and Felicia reply, 'Certainly, if the weather allows.' I did not know that there was an aunt Felicia with the same tricks of voice. Of course if Felica was in-doors with her mother it was Stella star-gazing on the piazza, and perhaps thinking of me. Would ever things be more in my favor? I drew near: some tender words, some hasty avowal, escaped me: she was in my arms, when a voice from the window dispelled my dream. 'Felicia child,' it said, 'you will take cold mooning out there so late.' Do you know, Stella, at that instant I was almost sorry the sea had not finished me on the night of the wreck. Stupid of me, wasn't it? But all's well that ends well. I had no thought of retreat. Felicia had accepted me. I had heard at the beach that she fainted when I carried out the line. You had not received my note, and had no knowledge of my feelings. I must make the best of my mistake. The arrangement was announced. I made a sorry lover, I fear. One day when I went down to visit at Martinvale, they gave me the room you had used, as there were other guests. In a fit of megrims, I happened upon your *Golden Treasury*, and your name stared me from the fly-leaf, and my own letter fell to my feet. Felicia released me without a sigh. There is another star in her heaven, before which my light grows pale. Stella, do you love?"

Anecdote of Charles Lamb.

The following anecdote of Charles Lamb is recalled in a recent number of the London *Standard*: Lamb was invited to meet a somewhat mixed company. One was Mr. D, a retired cheesemonger, who had been for years in some commission connected with the poor laws. He was a pompous man, with a grand affectation of having been born to the exalted position. At one time in the course of the dinner, opinions ran at variance as to the proper methods of dealing with pauperdom, and Mr D. assumed a very high manner. "Gentlemen," he said, thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, lying back in his chair and inflating his lungs to their utmost capacity—"gentlemen, I should know what I am speaking of, with all my years of public service, and with my opportunities for studying the dispositions of these miserable and troublesome paupers. Gentlemen, they are as worthless as ungrateful, as they are and have been improvident. The time has been, gentlemen, when I had some of the milk of human kindness in my breast for these wretches, but now gentlemen—" he paused for a moment in order to let the conclusion come more overwhelming—"But now," broke in Lamb, with his poor, thin face all childish innocence, "N-now, Mr. D., I supp-pose that m-milk is all m-made up into ch-cheese!"

HER LAST LETTER.

'Tis but a line, a hurried scrawl,
And little seem the words to say,
Yet hold me in reproachful thrall:
"You quarreled with me yesterday;
To-morrow you'll be sad."

Ay, "you'll be sad"—the words are few,
And yet they pierce my soul with pain;
Ay, "you'll be sad"—the words are true;
They haunt me with prophetic strain:
"To-morrow you'll be sad."

We quarrelled, and for what? a word—
A foolish speech that jarred the ear—
And thus in wrath our pulses stirred:
Then came her letter: "Dear, my dear,
"To-morrow you'll be sad."

Few words! half mirth and half regret—
The last her hand should ever write—
Sad words! learned long ago, and yet
Fresh with new pain to ear and sight.
"To morrow you'll be sad."

DAVID SWAN'S SLEEP.

BY NATHANANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Could we indeed know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a single page from the secret history of David Swan

We have nothing to do with David until we find him at the age of twenty, on the highroad from his native place to Boston where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say that he was from New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary common school education with a classic finish of a year at Gilmanton academy. After journeying on from sunrise till noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down and wait for the stage-coach As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little clump of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any waylaier but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him the dust did not reach him from the road, after the rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the birds floated across the blue sky over-head, and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan

He had slept only a few minutes when a brown carriage drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowling easily along, and was brought to a stand-still nearly in front of David's resting place. A linch-pin had fallen out and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly gentleman and wife returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper sheds around him, the gentleman trod as lightly as the gout would allow, and his spouse took good care not to rustle her silk dress, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "from what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such a sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more than half my income: for it would argue health and an untroubled mind.

"And youth beside," said the lady. "Health and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like this than our wakefulness."

Thus did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maple were a secret chamber, with a rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this act of kindness, she began to act like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to departed Henry. Shall we awaken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know not of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied the wife in the same hushed voice, earnestly. "This innocent sleep."

While these whispers were passing the sleeper's heart didn't throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interect. Yes, fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was not pleased. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man in splendor who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not awaken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The carriage is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever dream of doing anything so ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in his carriage and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was the king of motion that caused—is there harm in saying it!—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth—if silk it was—had relaxed its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into any gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was a peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee was wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the stripes of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good accomplished, with a quickened breath and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome," thought she, still blushing.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew within him, that shattered by his very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why at least did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maiden whose soul according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by her side; should it pass away, its luster would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road as lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identica. time, to be looking for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with his daughter, he would have become the father's clerk; and all else in natural succession. And so here again had good fortune—the best of forfune—stolen so near him that her garments had brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces set off by cloth caps which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were decidedly shabby, yet had a certain smartness. They were a couple of rascals who got their living by whatever Satan sent them, and now in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villiany on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees.

But, finding David sleeping by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow:

"Hist! Do you see the bundle under his head?"

The other villian nodded, winked and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, that the chap has either a pocket-book or else he has a snug little hoard of small change stowed away among his shirts. And if not there we shall find it in his pantaloon's pocket.

"But how if he wakes," said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointing to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So it be! muttered the second villian.

They approached the unconscious David, and while one pointed the dagger toward the heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head—their two faces grim, wrinkled and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, loooking terrified enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villians glanced aside into the spring, even they might have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"But if he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog scenting along the ground, came on beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of those wicked men and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain, "we can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust the weapon into his pocket and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kill by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the base crime of murder against their souls in letters as durable as eternity.

As for David Swan he slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now moved his lips without a sound; now talked in an inward tone to the noonday spectress of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road until it dashed through the midst of David's slumber; and there was the stage coach. He started up with all his ideas about him.

"Hallo, driver. Take a passenger," he shouted.

"Room on top," answered the driver. Up mounted David and he bowled away merrily toward Boston, without even as much as a parting glance at that fountain of dream like vicissitudes He knew not that a phantom of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of death had threatened to crimson it with his blood: all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep.

Sleeping or waking we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen.

THE London *Globe* announces that the skull of Confucius is for sale in a curiosity shop of that city, but that so far it has found no purchaser. It was found at Pekin during the plunder of the summer palace of the Emperor by the allied French and English troops in 1860, and was then mounted in gold and ornamented with diamonds to the value of $50,000. It was brought to London, in 1752, and exhibited in the Universal Exposition where, on account of its mounting, it attracted attention. Sixty thousand dollars were offered for it, but now it has been stripped of its gold and jewels and cannot find a purchaser at any price.

Making a King Sing.

An Englishman arrived at Paris some days before the revolution of July 1830. He very eagerly sought to inspect the interior court of Palais Royal, where the prince Louis Philippe of Orleans, was receiving deputations that came to him from all parts of the country, villagers with the mayor and drummer at their head, brave fellows well furnished with addresses and often excited by the fatigues of the road and the heat of the day.

The Englishman, on arriving, asked if Louis Philippe had made his appearance.

"Certainly," they answered him, "he is just retired."

"Ah! I am very sorry for that," he said. "I am come to Paris to see him."

"Never mind," said one near him: "I will show him to you." So he shouted out: "Vive Louis Philippe! Vive la Charte!" and the multitude cried out the same.

A window opened over a balcony, the prince appeared, humbly saluted the crowd, and retired.

"Ah! I am very glad indeed," said the Englishman; but I have heard some say that one might see him with the tricolored flag, and surrounded by his family."

"That is very easy," said the other; "give me some sous, and he will come forth."

"Indeed! here are some, with great pleasure," said the Englishman, handing a frank to his neighbor.

Immediately a voice raised the couplet, which a thousand voices immediately repeated:

Soldier, with the tricolor flag
Who from Orleans hearest it, etc.

And the couplet did not cease to be heard before the prince, surrounded by his family and holding the three-colored flag, came forth to salute the crowd.

There was silence for a short time Then the complaisant neighbor, turning toward the ear of the Englishman, said "Now shall I make him sing? As it is rather a difficult matter, you will have to give me ten francs."

"I will do so willingly, said the Englishman, assured by the success of the former engagement.

Then the man, with the ten francs, exerted himself and shouted with others around him so eagerly and lustily, "Vive le roi! Vive la Charte! la Marseillaise!" that at the end of twenty minutes Louis Phillippe presented himself again before a large crowd exulting with impatience and joy.

The Marseillaise was lustily raised by the people. The new king was about to retire from the balcony, but stopped in the midst of the loud applause, and sang with the people, marking time with his feet.

The story relates that the king exhibitor, addressing the Englishman, said to him: "Now if you give me one hundred francs he shall dance. But the other, thinking the show had gone far enough, went away.

Some may think this anecdote comes from a suspicious source It is taken word for word from the contemporary history of C. A. Dunbin, a work in use among students of philosophy. It appeared to the learned professor to be so characteristic that he thought it worth relating although at first sight it appeared to him unworthy of the gravity of history.—*Leisure Hour.*

Country Social Life.

Country folks are in general so fully occupied with affairs that they have no time to discover how lonesome they really are. So far as this is concerned we think it is a misfortune. We are too busy. We work too hard, We take few or no holidays. We read and think too little, and do not spend sufficient time in social culture. There is no reason why those who plow the soil or "whose talk is of bullock" should not experience the refinements which are the result of formal social life. In business, at bargains, in pursuit of dollars, no man is seen at his best. He is thorney, spiney, with his back up as a porcupine might be at his business. Let one doff his working clothes and enter a room full of neighbors—men, women, young men and maidens—and he is a man of another kind. He naturally falls into the ways of an intuitive kindness, which is really the truest politeness; the doing to his companion what he should do to him. He "lets himself out" to please, and, after an evening spent in social converse, he retires with many rough corners and asperities toned down. For a few days the influence remains. It would be permanent if it could be reinforced now and then, and the good results would be most agreeable and useful. There is no difficulty in bringing these good influences to bear. Two or three persons with energy and some magnetism about them can put them in motion with ease. Now is the time to begin the effort.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A President's First Love.

A story of Andrew Johnson comes from a Washington lady as told her by the former President himself. It is well known how, in early life, an attachment with a charming woman was broken off by the opposition of her mother and her brothers, who did not consider the young tailor a good enough match for one of their family. Years after, when the mechanic was President, while stopping at a small town in Tennessee, he was told that the woman of his first love was living there, and he desired to meet her. By the offices of Col. Bell, his intimate friend, the woman, then married and the mother of four or five children, was brought into the parlor of the hotel with her daughter, not knowing whom she was to meet. She saw the President, and sprang towards him: he rushed to meet her, and the old-time lovers threw their arms around each other, with tears falling from their eyes, forgetful of Col. Bell and the daughter, who stood by, forgetting every thing but the feelings of youth which had survived so long. President Johnson told the story afterward, with tears in his eyes, to a lady whose face reminded him of his first and truest love.

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BARON DUMBKOPF'S MARRIAGE.

Sometimes circumstances will make a soul pronounce its own death warrant: and such a thing had happened to Hortense Jenkinson. The night before she had accepted the Baron's offer of marriage, a horrible fascination seemed to have settled upon her, making her powerless to disobey her uncle's wishes. He represented to her that he was in the Baron's power in some financial matter, and kept reminding her that her father bade her be obedient to him, and that her own and Alec's happiness and prosperity depended upon her doing his bidding.

What wouldn't she do for Alec, her uncle's only child, and the only being on earth she loved? So it had been all settled, and she awoke that morning—sold.

She dressed as usual and went down to the breakfast room. Her uncle was in high spirits, and called her "Baroness" and "bride," and in this way was more disagreeable than he knew. Her aunt asked her when the wedding day was to be.

"Oh, I don't know," said Hortense; "it is not my affair. It is yours, and uncle's, and the Baron's—so arrange it to suit yourselves."

"My dear," said the Honorable John Jenkinson, minister to Imuttwarren, "you don't know how much you gratify me. To see a Jenkinson entering the ranks of nobility is eminently fitting."

"How much does he give for me, Uncle? I didn't quite learn the terms of sale."

"Hortense!—this is too grave a subject to jest about!" exclaimed John Jenkinson.

"Oh, is it? Then I will be solemnly in earnest. I have no heart to bestow—the Baron has no heart. I have a fortune—the Baron has a title. So you make a bargain—and if I may be allowed to ask, what portion of my fortune do you pay for the Baron's title?"

"H'm—I refuse to consider it in that light. I hope there is a little—h'm—love in the matter."

"Then I tell you there isn't a particle of love. It is a bargain—nothing but a bargain that the cruelest fate has driven me into. You know the whole story, and you make a mockery of love, to speak the holy word in this connection. I feel as if I had sold myself to the devil."

"Hortense, Alec is here," said the Honorable John.

"Yes I know it! I've sold the child's respect with the rest. He will grow up and call me a poor fool—and I am," said Hortense.

"Hortense, don't, don't!" cried Alec. "I do and always will love you. You are not a fool, Hortense. Papa, you haven't sold her, have you?"

There was a silence broken by Hortense, who asked in the bitterest tone:

"Why don't you answer the child, uncle? You can't—then I'll answer him. Yes, Alec, I'm sold to the Baron Dumpkopf. I'm going to marry him."

"He is a bad man," said Alec. "Could you not have found somebody better to have bought Hortense, papa?"

This was too much for the Hon. John, and he called a servant, and bade him take Alec out of the room. Then he turned to Hortense and said, "What do you mean by such talk? It is very unseemly."

"It was wrong, uncle, but your talk angers me. Don't let us be hypocrites. We understood each other. Neither the Baron nor myself care for each other's respect. Now let us drop the subject. When you get ready for the sacrifice to take place, I'll be ready to be offered up."

"This is dreadful," Hortense," said her uncle.

"Quite dreadful," echoed the aunt; "Will you be married by a Roman Catholic priest, Hortense?"

"Anybody, anywhere, anytime," said Hortense.

"Your uncle will give you away.

"Of course, he will deliver the goods," said Hortense.

"Hortense!"

"Forgive me, uncle; but a spade is a spade you know, and I sometime forget to call it an agricultural implement. Now let us begin to make a hubbub. I shall want dresses, loads of them, and jewels; I want such a whirl that I shall be dizzy from now till the wedding."

"Everything shall be as you wish," said her uncle.

The preparation for the wedding went on famously.

Hortense never seemed gayer, and the Hon. John took great credit to himself, and said, "How happy the girl is at the thought of a title."

Alec noted it too, but he took more than a superficial observation. I think, for when Hortense came one night to bid him good night, before going to a masquerade at the palace, he said in his trembling, tearful voice.

"Hortense, what makes you so sad?"

"Sad! sad, Alec? Why, don't you see I am as gay as can be? People are not sad when they are going to be married."

"People are not, I know, but you are not people, you are Hortense. You are sad, I see it not with my eyes, I see it here;" and the little fellow laid his hand on his heart.

She bent over the child, and heedless of her laces and silks caught him in her arms, and moaned.

"It's dreadful, isn't it, Hortense?" he said at last. "Dreadful, very dreaful, Alec!"

"Then what makes you do it asked the child.

"It is my awful destiny, Alec. Kiss me and say no more about it."

"What is destiny, Hortense? "Destiny is something that drives us to do things whether we will or not."

"Is it? I thought that was God. If destiny is not God, Hortense, I'd fight it, if I were you. I'll help you."

"It is no use, Alec. You'll drive me crazy. You are such a queer child. Kiss me good night, for I *must* go."

The day and the hour for the wedding came.

Hortense, all in white and ablaze with diamonds and pearls, came into the private office of her uncle.

"My dear, you are lovely," said her uncle. "We have always been spoken of as a handsome and distinguished family; but you do, to day, a special honor to your race and name."

Presently the baron entered. His valet had spent the whole morning rejuvenating him; he played his part of a man of thirty-five to perfection. A few secretaries were called in, and the ceremony was ended. The ceremony at the Legation being over, the party were whirled to the church. There the organ made the air tremulous with the sound.

The organ stopped; a moment of silence; the voice of the bishop; pauses; responses; silences; the voice of the bishop; silence broken by the rustling of dresses; a fall; a cry; confusion. The place was in an uproar. The bridegroom had fallen. Some said he was dead.

An old court-beau said that his corsets were too tight.

All were wrong, for the baron had been struck by paralysis

At last he revived a little. He might live.

The Hon. John said to Hortense in a whisper:

What will you do?"

She drew herself up to her full height, and replied:

"I shall go with my husband to his home."

"You need not go. According to the law of this place, you are not married."

"Before God I am. No one shall say that I refused my cross because it was heavy." So the guard bore that poor human mockery life to his own house, and Hortense followed.

He never spoke from the day he was married, and Hortense for ten long years took care of him as if he had been an infant, and then he died. And let us hope that Hortense met her true lover, after this season of suffering, and enjoyed that time of life that makes a season of youth possible even to the middle-age and the old! For no two souls planned for each other can ever stray so far into divergent paths that God cannot bring them together again.

MORLAND'S PIGS.—A countryman was shown Morland's celebrated picture of "The Pigs." "To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs; but there is one fault—nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."

—They are going to have an artificial Niagara Falls at the Paris Exhibition; but unless an American is charged fifteen dollars for looking at it, and has his pocket picked by a hackman he will fail to recognize it.

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SURPRISING CURE.

Gentlemen,—About twelve years ago, while travelling with Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Troupe as a tenor singer, I took a severe cold and was laid up at Newark, N. J. This cold brought on a severe attack of Catarrh, which I battled with every known remedy for four weeks without avail, and was finally obliged to give up a most desirable position and return home, unable to sing a note. For three years afterwards I was unable to sing at all. The first attack of Catarrh had left my nasal organs and throat so sensitive that the slightest cold would bring on a fresh attack, leaving me prostrated. In this way I continued to suffer. The last attack, the severest I ever had, was terrible. I suffered the most excruciating pain in my head, was so hoarse as to be scarcely able to speak, and coughed incessantly. I thought I was going into quick consumption, and I firmly believe that had these symptoms continued without relief they would have rendered me an easy victim. When in this distressing condition, I commenced the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH, very reluctantly, I confess, as I had tried all the advertised remedies without benefit. The first dose of this wonderful medicine gave me the greatest relief. It is hardly possible for one whose head aches, eyes ache, who can scarcely articulate distinctly on account of the choking accumulations in his throat, to realize how much relief I obtained from the first application of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. Under its influence, both internal and external, I rapidly recovered, and by an occasional use of the remedy since, have been entirely free from Catarrh, for the first time in twelve years.

Respectfully yours, B.
GEO. W. HOLBROOK.

WALTHAM, MASS., Jan. 8, 1876.

P. S.—I purchased the RADICAL CURE of GEO. H. ROGERS, Druggist, Rumford Building.

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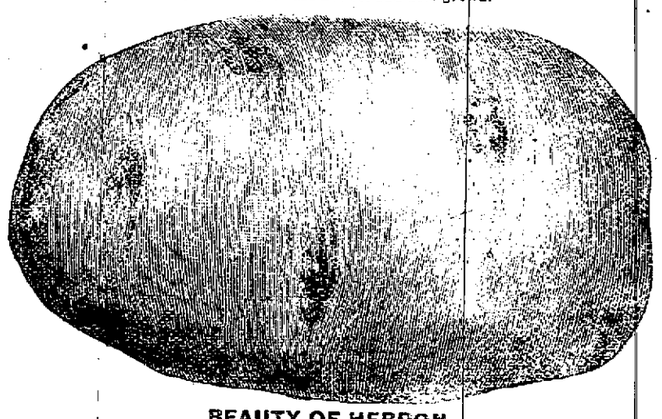

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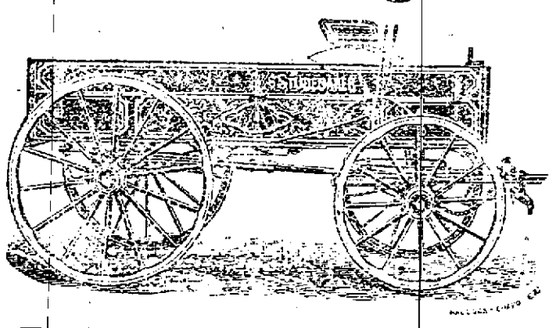

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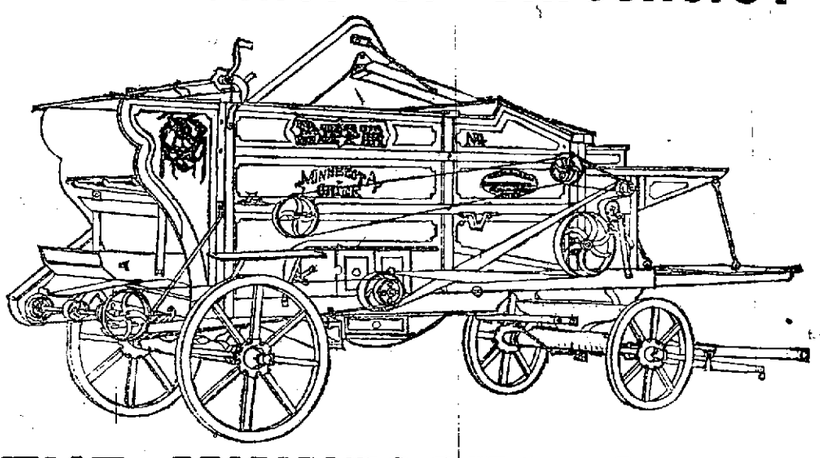

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METHODIST CHURCH.—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 30 p. m. J. M. BULL, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 8:00 p. m., St. Paul time. All are invited; seats free. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 8:15 o'clock. W. C. STEVENS, Pastor.

CHAPEL OF THE BREAD OF LIFE, (Episcopal), Rev. A. a Yeater, Rector. Morning Prayer, with sermon, each Sunday, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sunday school, until Sept. 1st, at 5 o'clock, P. M.; Holy Communion first Sunday in each month. No night service until 1st of Sept. Strangers cordially invited to worship with us. Seats free.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—First mass, 7:30 a. m.; high mass with sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 2 p. m.; vespers, exhortation and benediction, 7:30 p. m. Main street, west end.
P. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM FOFFA, O. S. B., Rector.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M. The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M.
JOSEPH HARE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 are held in Raymond's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. LOUIS HECHLER, N. G.
[illegible] HANAUER, Sec'y.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.

Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal.
ED. SLOAN, Foreman.
DAVID STEWART, Sec'y.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1880.

THE Canton *Advocate* warmly champions the cause of Mr. Pettigrew.

A CAREFUL canvass, it is said, shows that Indiana will give the republican ticket at least 2,500 majority.

W. H. BRAINERD now has entire charge of the Custer *Chronicle*, one of the brightest of our Black Hills exchanges.

THERE were entered at the Grand Forks, Dakota, land office, from April 20th to June 1st, 1880, 240,568,26 acres of land.

ABOUT this time o' year the average boy would sell out his chance to become president of the United States for an ordinary circus ticket.

GRAND FORKS, the *Herald* says, contains a population of 1563—very nearly the same size as Bismarck, though the latter is still ahead.

COL. PAT DONAN has returned to the Deadwood *Pioneer*, which has been enlarged to a forty column quarto and is now brighter and better than ever.

GEN. HANCOCK is so big and fat that he wears corsets to make his uniform fit him nicely, and a Pennsylvania exchange commends him warmly to the laboring classes on that account.

THE colored senator, Bruce, speaking of politics in Mississippi, thinks there will be no violence this fall as there is no necessity for shooting republicans since they can count them out.

GEN. HANCOCK captured Col. L. Q. C. LaMar, now a United States senator, at Gettysburg, Va., in 1862. In 1880, eighteen years afterward, Gen. LaMar and associates captured Gen. Hancock in an affair at Cincinnati.

SPEAKING of Back's candidacy for congress the Fargo *Argus* says: "With his good nature and liberality he would spend his money free." Of Raymond the *Argus* says, "He is wealthy and liberal and likes to see the country press turn easy."

THE congressional committee, which is investigating election frauds in New York, seems to have caught a tartar in the person of Johnny Davenport, who has shown the means used in counting 40,000 fraudulent democratic votes in that city.

THE chairman of the republican central committee believes Gen. Garfield will carry Virginia, owing to the democratic split in that state. The negroes, however, will be ruled out on account of some poll tax matter, and so he may not realize on his expectations.

THE wheat crop in all portions of North Dakota is splendid, even where damaged by hail it has picked up and promises a full crop. The average, from the present outlook, will not fall below twenty-five bushels per acre while in Burleigh county it will run from twenty-five to forty bushels per acre.

THE Fargo *Argus* and North Pacific *Times* show a disposition to support a North Dakota man for delegate to congress, regardless of party. Both prefer J. B. Raymond, who now resides at Fargo, but they will support Back, the probable democratic candidate, rather than any Southern Dakota republican. While complimenting Mr. Bennett in the highest terms, the Fargo *Republican* also drops into line for a Northern Dakota man. It is supposed to favor Judge Barnes, but is treating Mr. Raymond very kindly. It quotes, without comment, Dr. Coe's expression: "He must be a Northern Dakota man, be he republican or democrat."

GEN. SHERMAN disapproves the order for the removal of the troops from Standing Rock, but concedes that they have no right to remain if the interior department objects. The General, however, said if compelled to abandon Fort Yates, they would not leave a clapboard of the present post for the use of the agency, but would build on the opposite side of the river. The agent informed the General that so far as he was concerned he needn't leave a shingle. Most of the white citizens at the agency appeared before the General and claimed protection and insisted that their lives would be in danger if the troops were removed. The agent aptly suggested that they ought not to be afraid as they nearly all had Indian wives and were members of the tribe. It is now conceded that the Indian agent was not a party to tampering with the weights, and proof has been forwarded to the department fixing the guilt on a citizen at the agency who is not in the employ of the agency. As each department seems determined to sustain its officers in the course they have taken in this matter, when the investigation proves that Gen. Carlin was in no sense connected with the conspiracy, for such the weight matter will prove to be, he will doubtless ask to be assigned to another post. If the meddlers in the employ of both departments can be removed and persons other than idle loiters be put in their places, there will be less occasion for scandal at Standing Rock.

LIBBY Prison McCabe is so stalwart, the SUN suspects he wants to be an Indian agent under Gen. Garfield.—*Bismarck Sun.*

If Chaplain McCabe should be appointed an Indian agent, it would be impossible for him to lead a life so pure as not to receive the censure of such persons as the *Sun* man. He would defame his own father, if an Indian agent, if the opposition to him happened to be backed by superior force, whether in the shape of bayonets or a morbid public sentiment. The TRIBUNE concedes that our Indian system is a humbug and that the quicker nearly the whole crowd of Indian agents are relegated to their parishes and Sunday schools, and practical men or army officers assigned to their duties, the better it will be, but that will not prevent its defending these unfortunate people when occasion seems to demand. It is because the TRIBUNE believes in a liberal display of force, backed by a keen sense of justice, rather than bibles, in handling the Indians, that it protests against military or any other interference that tends to weaken the authority of the one in charge.

JUDGE BENNETT is now in the Hills and will probably remain there until after the primaries; and his friends are confident he will win. If he succeeds in carrying the Hills counties he will certainly be renominated and re-elected. If he does not he will have a bitter contest on his hands as the friends of Mr. Pettigrew and Raymond are combining all over the territory and purpose making Bennett's defeat a common issue. At least that is the Pettigrewian idea.

Both have means to make a red hot canvass which Mr. Bennett has not, and both have put in no little time while Mr. Bennett's congressional duties have detained him in Washington.

Judge Barnes is also said to be a candidate and if he could be nominated he would make a delegate that the territory might well be proud of. If the present strife for the nomination should take a turn in his favor no harm will be done except the sacrifice of a most excellent representative who deserves the compliment of a re-election if any man ever deserved such a compliment.

THE republican territorial convention has been called to meet at Vermillion on the 2d day of September. The apportionment is the same as that made for the Fargo convention.

BEN BUTLER is at sea politically, but will probably support Hancock though inclined to return to the republican fold.

Army Intelligence.

Lieut. Joseph S. Powell, of the signal corps, returned to Bismarck Saturday.

Capt. H. S. Howe, of the 17th, has been spending a few days in town this week.

Lieut. F. W. Sibley, of the 2nd Cavalry, was in town and went east Wednesday.

Ord. Sergt. Sullivan, of Fort Keogh, has been ordered from that post to Fort Riley, Kansas.

Lieut. J. S. Powell, of the signal corps, left by steamer Big Horn for the Yellowstone Tuesday.

Lieut. J. M. Burns, of the 17th Infantry, came up from Standing Rock to interview his Bismarck friends Sunday last.

First Sergt. Wetmore, Co. F, 7th Cavalry, was killed by Private Costyon without the slightest provocation, recently.

Jas. Scott, formerly 1st sergeant of company B, 5th Infantry, has been promoted to ordnance sergeant and ordered to Fort Sill, Indian Territory.

Maj. Joseph S. Conrad, of the 17th Infantry, commandant at Fort Totten, is at Lincoln awaiting the departure of the Big Horn, for Keogh, where he is detailed for a court martial.

Excursion.

One of the most pleasant excursions of the season came off last Monday. Capt. J. C. Barr tendered the use of the Helena to Mrs. Maj. Kirk, who, in company with a party of about twenty-five friends, made a trip to Standing Rock, returning the next day.

OUR COUNTRY SAFE

IF IT FOLLOWS THE PRECEPTS LAID DOWN BY REV. YEATER.

What a Bismarck Divine has to Say About the Indian Question—The Country's Past, Present and Future.

FOURTH OF JULY SERMON.

"Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings and brought you unto myself." Ex. XIX-4.

This is highly figurative language, but it is easily understood. The writer is speaking of God's providential dealings with the children of Israel. As an eagle bears her young upon her wings, so He had carried His people upon the uplifted wings of His protecting love. Afflicted and oppressed as they had been, He had not forsaken them. When the time came for their deliverance from bondage, He interposed for them. He discomfitted their enemies. He wrought miracle after miracle in their interest and finally landed them safely in the promised land. He who has an eye to discern the providence of God can trace his hand as clearly in His dealings with us, as a nation, as with the children of Israel. When we contrast the situation on this continent less than three centuries back with what it is today, surely we can not but feel that God has borne us on eagles' wings, and brought us to a goodly heritage.

OUR PROGRESS.

Consider, in the first place, what this country then was, and what it now is, in regard to its material interests. A few emigrants from the old world determine to seek a home on this western continent. They launch their frail barque upon the mighty waste of waters, and finally reach these shores. In the year 1607, a colony of Church of England people landed up on an island near the Kenebec, and, under the shadow of a high cross, listened to a sermon from Chaplain Seymour, and also "gave God thanks for their happy arrival in this country." This was the beginning of the thanksgiving custom, and took place fourteen years before the Mayflower arrived at Plymouth. God had kindly sheltered their little barque as it ploughed its feeble way onward through the waters, which scarcely before had bathed with foam the prow of an emigrant ship. Like a lone bird, weary and wounded with its fierce battle with the storm, that barque now lies at anchor, and its rich freight of human beings assemble around the cross, with the broad, brilliant arch of heaven for a temple, and join in a thanksgiving. The only evidence that presented itself that human feet had ever before trod the soil, was in the smoke that here and there in the distance went up from the camp-fires of the savage. Years passed on—the wilderness is subdued—the black coast, where the seal-gull hovered in loneliness is whitened by the sails of a thousand ships—the dense forests are changed into fertile fields. But still there lay beyond these fields a boundless forest. Nature, in all her rugged beauty, was there, but the music of her winds, moaning through the tall forest trees, and the thunder of her booming cataracts were unheard by the ear of civilized man. Her treasures of mineral wealth were still hidden in the earth; her beautiful rivers were navigated only by the bark canoe; her inland seas spread their mirrored surface to the bright sunshine, without a sail unfurled; her cataracts, which now attract the admiring gaze of travelers from all parts of the world, raised their eternal anthems, only to fill with awe the poor Indian, who therein recognized the voice of

THE GREAT SPIRIT

Behold to-day the change! Our far-reaching rivers now bear upon their bosoms floating palaces, which move like a thing of life, interchanging the commerce of nations. Our forests and broad prairies are now covered with golden harvests. Our lakes are whitened with the sails of merchant ships. Our cataracts move machinery that pours wealth into the lap of industry. Where only stood the wig-wam now stands populous cities. Our fortifications and military resources, now defy the world. We have but recently passed our centennial, and no nation in the history of the world can exhibit such a record of progress as has marked our career since we became an independent nation. We have had strong antagonisms to contend with among ourselves. Sectional interests have severely tried our strength as a nation. But God has borne us above them as on eagles' wings, and to-day we repose in a calmer region than ever before, amid the plaudits of a happy and united people. We love our constitution, our laws, and our common country. Though madness ruled for a time, sober reason has again returned, and to-day, should Europe combine to attack the liberties of this country, you would see the spectacle of a people coming up from the south and from the north, from the west and from the east, joining shoulder to shoulder, absolutely wild under the power of national enthusiasm, and ready to steep the soil with their blood, and make the whole heavens ring with the thunder of arms. The experiment would involve a development of our character never to be forgotten in the annals of the human race. Why, the four millions of newly-made citizens on our southern soil would burn with the inspiration of freemen, and would vie with the descendents of Washington and Henry, of Madison, and Monroe in deeds of noble daring in defense of our country. In fact, we as a nation, are absolutely invulnerable, so far as the power of man is concerned.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

But one great question yet gives us serious concern, and that is the Indian question. The National Government is yet in the dark as to the best means of dealing with these creatures. That great mistakes have been made by us in the past, no one can doubt. That our present policy is sadly defective, is equally clear. What shall we do? Some would say, exterminate the savages. But such a thought can only be mentioned with horror. There is a growing conviction that the whole system of treating with the tribes as sovereign powers, and granting them reservations, is a mistaken one. God never intended that millions of acres of our rich domain, should be indefinitely given up to roving bands of marauders. Let the laws of our country be extended over every foot of our soil, and give to the head of every Indian family a plot of ground with the title in fee simply invested in the individual, with this restriction imposed upon him, that he should not alienate or dispose of the title without the consent of the government. And then let the Indian be made to realize the God-ordained principle, that "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

No nation can afford to carry by her charities great hordes of idle people. An idle person, even in a civilized country, usually soon sinks to a vagrant. An idle family, whatever may be its present wealth, is on a rapid pilgrimage to vice, crime, beggary and contempt. Now, for our government to offer a premium on idleness, by feeding these Indians who make no effort to help themselves, is to encourage a practice which, if universally followed, would involve us in ruin. Let the laws of our country be extended over the Indian the same as the white man. Let lands be given to them, and industrial schools be established among them; and aid be given only as it is given to supplement their efforts, and soon the whole vexed question would find a solution. No government can afford to wait for religion to make men good, or for culture to make them moral, before she applies to them the principles of civil law. Suppose our forefathers had used moral means alone to convince England of the injustice of her course towards the colonies, when should we have had our independence? Or suppose we had sent missionaries south to convince our brethren there that secession was morally wrong, and they ought not to practice it, where would our Union be to-day? No, law is the first and great support of any nation. England surpasses us to-day in the peace and order of her people; not because those people are any wiser or any better than ours; but because she is a stronger government. There law is supreme. Men know that a violation of that law carries with it a penalty. How did Moses control the turbulent elements that he brought up out of Egypt and finally moulded into a great and happy nation? It was by the strong arm of law. The Gospel is a glorious thing, but the law must preceed it. The law is a schoolmaster to bring the people up to a standard of civilization in which they will receive the Gospel. Now, let the Indian, as well as the white man and the negro, be made to feel that he is under law—and for every violation must feel the penalty, and soon would the emigrant on our frontier be protected in life and property, and the desert would rejoice and blossom as the rose.

OUR RESOURCES.

I tremble with solicitude when I contemplate the future of this great nation. We have barely entered upon our career of development. The Mississippi valley alone, or that portion of our land drained by that majestic river and its tributaries, contains an area of about one million two hundred thousand square miles. With a population equal to what China now has to the square mile, we should have in this valley alone one hundred and sixty-five millions of souls. And this valley is as rich in resources as it is boundless in extent. To a soil unsurpassed, it adds mines of ore the richest in the world. Lead, copper, iron and coal exist in quantities unexhaustible, whilst building material can everywhere be found, and water-courses abound, bearing our products to the ocean, whence they are wafted to the four quarters of the globe. This great valley, too, is filling up with people with great rapidity. They come from the most thrifty nations of Europe, as well as from our eastern population at home—not as the Goths and visi goths poured down upon Rome, only to despoil her of her treasures and trample down her liberties—but they come as the hardy sons of toil, to develope our resources and provide for themselves homes by honest industry. These people, standing in the midst of our broad prairies, lords of the soil they till, and calling no man master, naturally feel that they are a great people. They do possess the elements of greatness. They are a race of giants compared with the effete hordes of oriental effeminacy that are now beginning to set in upon our Pacific shores. Let our population continue to increase, as it has for the past half a century, and in one hundred and fifty years from now, our land will contain one thousand millions of souls. Think of a people possessing the elements of strength that we do, increasing for two more centuries in numbers as we have during the past one, doubling our population every twenty five years, and what an influence this nation will exert, for weal or for woe, upon the destiny of the human family. What, now, shall be our future? This question may be answered by asking another. What is to be the character of our teeming population in the future? Our destiny is in our own hands. So long as there is sufficient intelligence among the masses of the people to make good laws, and sufficient virtue among them to yield a willing obedience to these laws, our civil and religious liberties will be preserved and perpetuated. Take away either of these elements, and we are no longer capable of self-government. The only alternatives must be anarchy or despotism.

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM

We may thus see wherein lies the strength and safety of our institutions, namely, in our common school system and in the Gospel of the Son of God. Intelligence alone will not do. Moral and relious culture must go hand in hand with secular knowledge, in order to fit a people for self-government. If, therefore, there is one demand upon the American people more imperative than another, it is that they shall conserve and perpetuate our common school system. This is the ornament and glory of our land—the grand palladium of our liberties. It has ever been the policy of despotism, whether civil or ecclesiastical, to monopolise knowledge, to enslave the popular understanding, and thus to hold the great mass of humanity quiet and passive. This is one of the great difficulties in the way of republican institutions in Europe. The masses of the people are not sufficiently intelligent for this purpose. In a sudden burst of passion, they may shake down a throne, but either they will go into anarchy, which is far worse, or some remnant of fallen greatness, chosen in the fury of popular excitement, will soon again impose chains upon them. The founders of our goverment saw what was needed to conserve republican institutions and provided for it. Hence in every village and hamlet went up side by side the church and the school house. Education has been made free to all. The poorest have equal chances with the richest in obtaining the elements of knowledge. It may be that the favored sons of royalty, or nobility, fresh from the embowered shades of their moss-covered universities on visiting our land think that everything here still lies in the rough, and needs to be carried across the waters to a planing-mill. Let those who are fascinated only with the tinsel and glitter of royalty, think thus if they please. It is not our policy to erect only here and there a light-house in the form of a mammoth university, which only makes the surrounding gloom more impressively visible. No, we would have intelligence scattered, like the sun's rays, over the masses. Let school-houses and colleges be scattered all over our land, as lamps light up a great city, so that all may be benefitted. Who would pour all the light of the sun through a gas-pipe, for the sake of having one bright spot? Or make a tremendous bonfire, to excite the gaze of the collected throng, rather than kindle a fire on every man's hearth-stone? Public school system aims to scatter the rays of light far and wide over the multitude, so that ignorance may be left without excuse, and the masses fitted for the high and responsible position which they are called upon to fill as the sovereign rulers of the destiny of this nation. But our school system has not yet attained perfection. We will not have an effective system of public instruction throughout our land, until we have a uniform national system. I believe it to be the imperative duty of this government to establish such a saystem, and assess a national tax for its support, and then make the attendance compulsory. Self-preservation is said to be the first law of nature. This holds good of nations as well as individuals. If, therefore, ignorance is dangerous to the peace and order of society, and the stability of our republican institutions, this ignorance must be removed. We must place the means of knowledge within the reach of all classes of society in every part of our land, and then see that all avail themselves of it.

THE GOSPEL.

But education alone is not sufficient. People may *know* their duty and yet lack the disposition to do it. Knowledge is power, but if this power be not exercised in the right direction, we have only armed its possessor with the club of Hercules, which will be wielded to the destruction of our institutions, rather than their preservation. When we have shown the people their duty, let the light of God's word be diffused everywhere among them, that they may have the disposition to *do* their duty. Our forefathers wrested the sceptre of government from the hands of one man, a foreign despot, and placed it in the hands of the millions. If one man still governed us, we would ask with deep solicitude, What is his character? But when the millions govern us, may we not ask with equal solicitude, What is, or what is to be, their character? Are they moral? Do they fear God and respect the principles of righteousness? O, my brethren, there is a great work to be done by the church, if we would save this mighty nation of free thought and noble impulses from yet disappointing the hopes of the patriots that bequeathed to us our liberties. It was their mission to arouse the martial spirit, and move the people to resist with power a foreign foe. It is ours to arouse the faculties of the mind, the conscience, the heart, that those into whose hands the sceptre of government has fallen, may know how to use this power so as to be a blessing, and not a curse to their race. The highest office the true patriot now can fill, is to set the world an example of industry, temperance, self-control, of love of public order, with a large measure of liberality in sustaining the religious, the educational, and the benevolent institutions of our land. We gained our independence amid the storm of revolution. We can only retain it by tranquility and repose, and the practice of those virtues that adorn the Christian. Then let evangelical light and truth be diffused. Let this be well and thoroughly done, and a foundation will be laid on which popular government may stand forever. Unless this is done, the upheavings of society and the throes of humanity will be like the tossing fires of a volcano, only to fall back again into the crater of passion and crime, or to overflow with the burning lava, only to devastate and destroy. Such has been the experience of European governments in their strivings after human freedom, and such will be ours, when we lose that civic virtue that has carried us safely for the past one hundred years.

Impure Breath.

Among all the disagreeable consequences that follow the decay of the teeth, an impure breath must be the most mortifying and unpleasant to its possessor, and it is the most inexcusable and offensive in society; and yet the cause of it may easily be removed by cleansing your teeth daily with that justly popular dentifrice, Fragant SOZODONT. It purifies and sweetens the breath, cools and refreshes the mouth, and gives a pearl like appearance to the teeth. Gentlemen who indulge in smoking should cleanse their teeth with SOZODONT, as it removes all unpleasant odors of the weed. Ask your druggist for it.

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37-

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LAND NOTICE.

Notice of Final Proof

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., July 15, 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his homestead claim No. 39, and secure final entry thereof on the fourteenth day of August,

Wm. R. Bentley,

for the S W ¼ of Sec 26, T. 139, R. 79, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: W R White, J C Brown, Chas Armstrong and J G. Miller, all of Burleigh county. P. O. Bismarck, D. T.

8 13 — JOHN A REA, Register.

U. S. LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., June 22, 1880. Complaint having been entered at this Office by Daniel McCarthy against the legal representatives of Charles H. McCarthy deceased for abandoning T. C. entry No. [illegible] dated October 31st, 1874, upon the W. ½ of S. W. ¼ and lot No. 1, section 26, Township 138, range 80, in Burleigh County, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 24th day of July, 1880, at ten o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

PETER MANTOR, Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver. 5 9

U. S. LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., June 24th 1880. Complaint having been entered at this office by Louis Connolly against Wm. H. Young for abandoning his homestead entry No. 63, dated September 10, 1878, upon the N. E. ¼ of N. W. ¼ and N. W. ¼ of N. E. ¼, Section 21, Township 139, Range 81, in Burleigh County, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 24th day of July 1880 at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

PETER MANTOR, Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver. 5 10

Notice of Contest.

U. S. LAND OFFICE Bismarck, D. T., July 21st, 1880. Complaint having been entered at this office by J. P. Manhess against Jesse J. Brown for abandoning tree claim entry, No. 34 dated Jan. 21, 1878, upon the N. ½ of N. E. ¼ Section 28, Township 139, Range 78, in Burleigh County, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 21st day of August 1880 at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

JOHN A. REA, Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver. 5t

Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., July 15, 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his [illegible] and secure final entry thereof on the fourteenth day of August, for the S. W. [illegible] of Sec. 26, T. 139, R. 79, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: W. R. White, J. C. Brown, Chas. Armstrong and J. G. Miller, all of Burleigh County, P. O. Bismarck, D. T.

8 12 — JOHN A. REA, Register.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, County of Burleigh, ss.

In District Court, Third Judicial District. [illegible] Plaintiffs vs. [illegible] Gray, Defendant. Summons. The Territory of Dakota sends greeting.

To [illegible] defendant above named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court for Burleigh County, D. Terr., and serve a copy of your answer thereto upon the subscriber at his office in the City of Bismarck, in said county, within thirty days after the service of this summons upon you. If you fail to answer the complaint within that time the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of four [illegible] two dollars besides the costs of this action.

Dated [illegible] 14th, 1880.

JOHN A. STOYELL, Plaintiff's Attorney, Bismarck, D. T.

6 12

TERRITORY of Dakota, County of Burleigh, ss. In District Court, 3rd Judicial District. Joseph Leighton and W. B. Jordan, co-partners doing business under the firm name and style of Leighton & Jordan, plaintiffs vs. Boyd and Congdon, [illegible] and [illegible] the firm [illegible] style of Boyd & Congdon defendants.

The Territory of Dakota to Geo. W. Boyd and [illegible] Congdon, defendants, above named, you and each of you are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action of the plaintiffs above named which is filed with the Clerk of the District Court of the said County, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers at their office in the City of Bismarck in said county within thirty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service. If you fail to answer the complaint within that time the plaintiffs will take judgment against you for the sum of [illegible] hundred and [illegible] dollars, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.

Dated [illegible] 1880.

STOYELL & BALL, Plaintiffs' Attorneys, Bismarck, D. T.

4 19

LIVERY STABLE

SHERIDAN HOUSE

Livery Stable,

First-Class in Every Respect.

NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS

Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats, Fort Lincoln and Mandan

☞ Office at the Sheridan House

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MONTANA MARKET,

Corner Second and Main Streets.

JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,

DEALERS IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH, POULTRY, GAME,

Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and Canned Goods.

Special Attention given to the Steamboat Trade.

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FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Connecticut	$1,1[illegible],000
Liverpool, London and Globe	29,000,000
Phoenix	859,000
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Hamburg Magdeburg	833,000
Hamburg Bremen	1,234,000
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19tf — F. J. CALL, Agent.

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Standing Rock Agency, D. T.

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Liquors and Cigars

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Main st., opp. Sheridan House.

Sole Agent for Val Blatz' Milwaukee Premium Export Lager Beer.

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First Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars. Centrally located and the popular resort of the Boys 26tf

CAPITOL SALOON,

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Freighters' and Contractors' Headquarters.

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All kinds of games, new pool and billiard tables etc. Pleasantest place in the city to spend the evening. Open day and night.

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HANNIFIN'S HALL

(18 NORTH FOURTH ST.)

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Best Bar-tender either side of Rocky Mountains.

Headquarters for the "Old Time Boys" and rising sports.

Call and see the crowd.

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Parties driving out from Bismarck will find this a pleasant resort.

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The Oldest and Only First-Class Restaurant in Bismarck.

Board by the day or week.

Meals at all hours.

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22 MAIN STREET.

DAY BOARD,

FIRST-CLASS MEALS.

In connection with the house is a strictly first-class bar, pool room and music hall. The only Orchestrian in the city. The best place in town to spend an evening.

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We represent one of the best cloth houses in Philadelphia, and are constantly in receipt of fine

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Of the latest styles for the Spring Trade.

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WESTERN HOUSE,

MALLOY BROS., Prop.

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CASH PAID FOR

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FASHIONABLE

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2-tf

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STAGE AND EXPRESS

AND

U. S. MAIL.

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days.

Stages will leave Fort Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 a. m.

For express, freight or passage apply to

JOHN LEASURE,

Agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co's, or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford

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Practical Boot Maker,

— Likewise —

BUILDER OF SHOES

Perfect fits Guaranteed. Only the Best Material used. Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing Neatly Done

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Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Candy, Fruit, Crockery Glass Ware

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This hotel is first class in every respect, and the best attention is always paid its guests.

Jacob Wertheimer, Prop'r.

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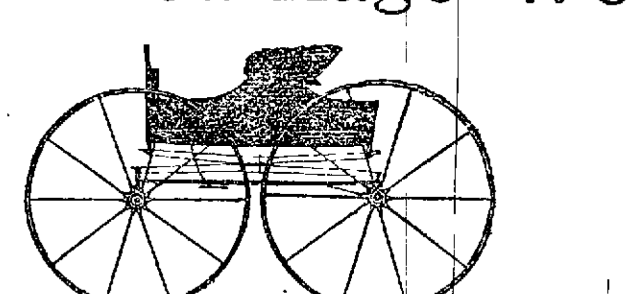

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Keep constantly on hand a complete line of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Etc., and agents for all kinds of Farm Machinery

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New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves. 20tf

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WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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Orders from Military Posts promptly Attended to.

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Established in 1848.

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"VIBRATOR"

Threshing Machinery and Portable and Traction Engines.

THE STANDARD of excellence *throughout the Grain-Raising World.*

MATCHLESS for Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Perfect Cleaning, *Rapid and Thorough Work.*

INCOMPARABLE in Quality of Material, *Perfection* of Parts, *Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish,* and *Beauty* of Model.

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CLERK.—E. N. Corey, Bismarck.
DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL.—Alex McKenzie, Bismarck.

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E. M. Brown, Receiver U. S, Land office.
Peter Mantor, Register, U. S. Land office.
O. A. Lounsberry, Postmaster.
Chas. M. Cushman Deputy Collector U. S. Customs.
Frank P. Brown, Deputy Collector Internal Revenue.
E. N. Corey, U. S. Commissioner.

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SHERIFF.—Alexander McKenzie.
COUNTY TREASURER.—W. B. Watson.
JUDGE OF PROBATE.—Emer N. Corey.
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—J. Bragg.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—Frank Donnelly, Joseph Hare, J. A. Emmons.
COUNTY SURVEYOR.—C. W. Thompson.
CORONOR.—John Quinlan.
COUNTY ASSESSOR.—P. Malloy.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—E. B. Ware, Bismarck. Matt. Edgerly, Mandan.

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MAYOR.—George Peoples.
CITY TREASURER.—F. D. Wakeman.
CITY CLERK.—Con. Malloy.
CITY ATTORNEY.—John E. Carland.
CITY MAGISTRATE.—Geo. Glass.
CHIEF OF POLICE.—John Waldron.
ALDERMEN.—W. A. Meserve, J. G. Malloy, M. J. Halloran, Gus. Thornwald, Louis Westhauser, F. Comeford

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EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev J. G. Miller, B.D., Rector.
METHODIST CHURCH.—J. M. Bull, Pastor.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—W. C. Stevens, Pastor.
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NORTHERN PACIFIC.—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday, at 7 45 a. m
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Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p. m.
Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City, and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m. Arrive at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 4 p. m.
BLACKS HILLS.—Leave daily, at 8 p. m.
FORT BENTON.—Leave by steamboat, Benton line, every Wednesday
Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m.
Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m, Sundays from 7 to 9 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

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DAVID STEWART—Attorney. Fourth Street

JOHN E CARLAND—Attorney, (City Attorney) 47 Main-st

FLANNERY & WETHERBY—Attorneys 47 Main Street
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Cor. Main and 3d St.
BISMARCK, - - D. T
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Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and tastily furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable. 3 6tf

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Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country. 39-3m

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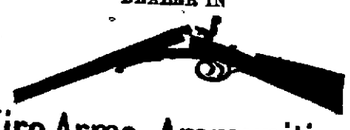
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S. T. Ferguson, President. — W. B. Jackson, Jr., Sec'y and Treas.
ESTABLISHED, 1860.

Monitor Plow Works
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,
Manufacturers of the celebrated Monitor Plows, Breakers, Cultivators, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn Planters, Road Scrapers, &c. The **FERGUSON SULKY PLOW.** This Sulky Plow contains some new features and improvements which none others have. The lightest iron frame and only adjustable steel beam.

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THE MONITOR PLOW
Patent Adjustable Steel Beam—Patent Solid Double Shin—Solid Steel.
Monitor Sulky Rake,

Light, Strong, Durable—Teeth Adjustable—Easy to Operate—Rakes Clean. Send for Descriptive List.

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PIONEER
BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP
Corner Third and Thayer Streets,
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None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

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Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors, Mouldings Window Glass.
BUILDING MATERIAL
of all kinds.
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Carpenter and Builder,
Fifth St. Near Custer Hotel,
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Contracting and Building of every nature. Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

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CELEBRATED

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BITTERS
Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored and sustenance afforded to each life-sustaining organ by the Bitters, which is inoffensive even to the feminine palate, vegetable in composition and thoroughly safe.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

20 Chromo Cards (perfect beauties) with name, 10c. Outfit, 10c. TURNER CARD CO., Ashland, Mass.

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SHORT LINE.
Composed of the
Minneapolis and St. Louis, Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railways.
Making the shortest line and the best time between St. Louis and all points in the South, Southwest and Southeast, and Minneapolis and St. Paul, the summer resorts and lake country, the most prominent of which are Lake Minnetonka and White Bear Lake, of the Northwest, and the great lakes.
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Tickets on sale at all the important coupon ticket stations throughout the South, East and West, via Peoria.
Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars
of latest make and improvements on through express trains. BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH. Tickets and sleeping car berths can be secured—
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In St. Paul—At 116 East Third street, G. H. Hazzard, agent.
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Via New York, Lake Erie and Western, Great Western, Detroit and Milwaukee, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroads.
Shortest and Most Direct Route
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MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS
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EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.
2 ROUTES.
—AND—
3 **DAILY TRAINS**
Between
Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis.
The Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is the only Northwestern Line *connecting in same depot in Chicago* with any of the Great Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the most convenient, located with reference to reaching any Depot, Hotel or place of business in that City.
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1878 Summer Arrangement. 1878.
TAKE THE
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TO THE
BLACK HILLS.
Thro' Express Trains
FROM
ST. PAUL to BISMARCK,
DAILY.
Making close connections at ST. PAUL with trains from CHICAGO and all points south.
No Delay! Continuous Run!
Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and South; at Minneapolis with all trains from that city; at St. Cloud with all trains for Melrose and the Sauk Valley; at Brainerd all trains make close connections to and from Duluth and to and from the West and South.
Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul trains at N. P. Junction; St. Paul & Pacific Railroad trains at Glyndon for Fisher's, Fort Garry and the British Possessions, via steamers of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead, Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Fort Garry, Pembina, and all points on the Red River; at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Forts Rice, Berthold, Carroll, Helena, Benton, and other points in Montana; also with N. W. Stage and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills.
Dated April 7, 1878.
H. E. SARGENT, General Manager, St. Paul.
G. G. SANBORN, Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., St. Paul. — H. A. TOWNE, Superintendent, Brainerd.

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Livery, Sale and Feed Stable.
Orders for the City Hack left at the office on Fourth Street. 115tf

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WHY I SING.

You ask why I sing! ask the lark on the wing,
To tell you what forces him up to the sky;
Why his reckless delight in his musical flight!
The lark will not tell you and neither will I.

You ask why I sing! ask the peach tree in spring
Why it showers its bloom on the breeze flitting by,
So unthinking of cost and forgetful of frost!
The tree will not tell you, and neither will I.

You ask why I sing! ask each living young thing
That's as mad in its mirth as if never to die,
Why it thinks not of grief in its life bright and brief!
And something may tell you, but never shall I.

With a heart light and free, I will carol in glee;
It would shorten my song should I think of its why;
I must on with my song if my heart would be strong.
If that does not answer you never can I.

HASTY JUDGMENT.

"I can't bear him!" exclaimed Sol, in disgust.

"Well," replied Eben, doubtfully, "I can't say I've seen anything wrong in him, though I don't just fancy his ways; and his actions do look suspicious, as you say. But what can we do about it?"

"Do? Ferrit him out! He has come here with his money and his condescending manners,—or want of manners,—and he thinks he can do anything here among us country chaps. I tell you what it is now, if he don't run against a stump soon, it's because my name ain't Sol Stebbins!"

"But, Sol," ventured his companions, "you don't know anything positive against him but his cool and independent treatment of us."

"Don't I, Eben Wheeler!" returned Sol, significantly. "Almost every evening he is off prowling around alone. I have often seen him cross my mowing just at dusk, and go into the woods towards Tom Smith's; now what was he after?"

Eben could not say.

"You don't know," continued Sol, rather dramatically; I will tell you.

Nearly every night for a week Tom has lost one or more chickens. When he sits out by them with his gun until ten or eleven o'clock, nothing disturbs them. So whatever or whoever takes them does it in the fore part of the night."

Eben's eyes began to open.

"And I'm sure he takes a bag with him," added Sol. "So you see now it isn't all guess-work.

"The sneak!" cried Eben, indignantly. "It would gall him terribly if we country greenhorns should catch him at it! Can't we do it some way?"

"Just what I came over to talk about. We can waylay him on his way home: and if we don't find anything about him, —but of course we shall'—he needn't know who we are. You ain't afraid are you?"

"Not a bit!" scornfully, "I'll come down to-night by sunset; and if he makes another trip; we'll just put an end to his game. But Sol! What on earth should make him want to steal chickens, rich as he seems to be?"

"That's the way a good many people get their money—by meanness," he said.

"Be sure and come down. I'll be ready."

Then the boys separated.

The subject of their conversation, Maurice Fleming, was a young fellow of eighteen, who was spending his vacation at Grampton. He made no particular effort to cultivate the acquaintance of the boys in the neighborhood; and his cool manner, together with his scrupulously neat and stylish attire, produced a feeling of dislike in the minds of the farmer-boys, who could not endure their own notion that they were looked down upon.

At sunset the boys were posted at a window in the gable end of Sol's barn—a favorable position for a lookout.

They conversed in low tones, keeping sharp watch of the road and adjoining fields until dark: but they were disappointed. They did not see a stealthy figure cross the mowing and become lost in the shadows of forest beyond as they expected.

"Never mind," said Sol, philosophically; "come down again to-morrow night. He'll be sure to come sometime."

The next night as the boys began to fear they were again to be disappointed, they caught a glimpse of an indistinct figure moving across the mowing.

"That's him," Sol declared, triumphantly. "No one else would be there at this time of night."

After waiting until the figure disappeared in the woods, the two boys walked down the road, halting just beyond where they supposed Fleming had entered. By this time it was very dark, and while they waited, Eben, who was the youngest, began to feel a trifle nervous.

"When he comes into the road," whispered Sol, "we will jump out at him and hold him down and search him."

"But suppose he is armed?" suggested Eben doubtfully.

"He wont have time to use his arms, or his legs either!" was the grim reply. Eben tried to laugh at the joke with indifferent success.

"The truth is, you're a little scared!" added Sol.

"No, I'm not!" protested Eben; "wait and see!" And they waited. Perhaps it was only the effect of the darkness and suspense, but Eben honestly hoped that Fleming would return by some other way. By degress their whispered conversation ceased, and they listened in perfect silence for some warning of their enemy's return. Two miles away in the village on the hill, the clock struck on. As the last vibration died away, a sound was heard of coming footsteps swishing through the long grass. Then the sound of boots on the wall as some one scrambled over, a dozen rods away, and come into view. He held a small bull's eye lantern in one hand, and in the other what seemed to be a cane and a light-colored bag.

There was no mistaking that slight form and stylish dress. It was Maurice Flemming.

Once fairly in the road he shut his bull's-eye and came rapidly along in the darkness. As he passed by where the boys were concealed he felt himself seized from behind by Sol's strong arms, and after a long struggle in which Fleming courageously but silently defended himself, his hands were bound behind him, according to the established custom of war. Then Eben held him down while Sol examined the bag. "Curious thing," he muttered. "Got a handle too!" and in a moment, 'Hello! Here is the chicken, and a plump one it is! Say! you young thief! Hello! there's a pasteboard box in the bag. What else has he been up to?"

He groped around until he found the little lantern and opened the slide.

As the light fell on them the captive exclaimed in astonishment,

"What, you two fellows? What on earth are you trying to do?

"You may as well own up, young man," said Sol sternly. "There's your booty in the bag; and here's this box, which I am going to open."

"Hold on! cried Fleming, struggling desperately. "Don't open it. I've worked too hard to lose them now."

"Ah! you're in our power now," replied Sol, raising the cover. "Hold him fast, Eben."

"Don't!" implored Fleming. But Sol resolutely removed the cover, and—three great green moths emerged, fluttered around the light for a few moments, and vanished in the darkness.

"Gone!" groaned the poor captive. "A whole week's work for nothing." And he almost cried with vexation. Besides these three insects, the box contained nothing. Eben glanced at the long handled bag, and it flashed over him that it must be a butterfly net, such as he had read of. His heart sank. Had they made a foolish blunder? No, for there was a chicken in the net, Sol had said.

"Let's see the chicken, Sol," he said, anxiously. Sol brought the bird and turned it over and over close to the light for a moment. Then he dropped it and looked at Eben with a face of utter blankness.

"It is a screech owl," he said faintly.

Eben looked at Fleming.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"Tom Smith killed it among his chickens last night," he replied, sullenly.

"He told me to-day I might have it to stuff, and when I went out to hunt moths to-night, I went a little further and got it.

Confused and mortified explanations were then in order. Fleming, when he understood the cause of the affair, good-naturedly took it as a joke, and was afterward quite friendly toward the two boys, although he took a sort of revenge by letting the affair leak out. Sol never forgot the lesson; and whenever Eben feels disposed to judge hastily, he reminds himself, with a laugh, of Maurice Fleming, and waits for developments.—*Christian Register.*

"The Tulliver Family"

Mr. and Mrs. Tulliver were sitting before a bright fire in the left hand parlor talking. "What I want, you know," said Mr. Tulliver, "is to give Tom a good education. All the larnin' *my* father ever paid for was a bit o' birch at one end, and the alphabet at the other. I wouldn't make a downright lawyer o' the lad,—I should be sorry for him to be a raskell—but a sort o' engineer or one o' these smartish business as are all profits and no outlay."

"Well, Mr. Tulliver, you know best; I've no objections," said Mrs. Tulliver.

"However, if Tom is to go to school, I should like him to go where I can wash and mind him, else he might as well have calico as linen."

"But you mustn't put a spoke in the wheel about the washin' if we can't get a school near enough," said Mr. Tulliver. "That's the fault I have to find wi' you, Bessy. You want me not to lure a good wagoner cause he'd got a mole on his face,'

"Dear heart!" said Mrs. Tulliver in mild surprise, "when did I ever make objections to a man because he had a mole on his face? I'm sure I'm fond of moles, for my brother as is dead an' gone had a mole on his brow. But I cannot remember you're ever offering to hire a wagoner with a mole, Mr. Tulliver. Now there was John Gibbs hadn't a mole on his face, an' I was all for havin' him, an' he might have been driving the wagon now if he hadn't died of inflammation. He might have had a mole somewhere out o' sight, but how was I to know that, Mr. Tulliver?"

"No, no, Bessy: I don't mean justly the mole; I meant it to stand for summat else, but niver mind—it's puzzling work, talkin' is. But," contined Mr. Tulliver, after a pause, "what I'm afraid on is, as Tom hasn't the right sort o' brains for a smart fellow. He's a bit slowish. He takes after your family, Bessie."

"Yes, that he does: he's wonderful for likin' a good deal o' salt in his broth. That was my brother's way and his father's before him."

"It seems a bit o' pitty, though," said Mr. Tulliver: "as the poor lad should take after his mother's side instead of the little wench. That's the worst on't with crossin' o' breeds; you can't never justly calkiate what'll come on't. The little one takes after my side; now, she's twice as cute as Tom."

"An' now you put me i' mind," continued Mrs. Tulliver, rising and going to the window, "I don't know where she is now, an' it's pretty nigh tea-time. Ah, I thought so—wandering up an' down by the water, like a wild thing, she will tumble in some day. I don't like to fly in the face of Providence, but it seems hard as I should have but one girl, an' her so comical. Maggie, Maggie," continued her mother, in a tone of half-coaxing fretfulness, as this small mistake of nature entered the room, "where's the use of my telling you to keep away from the water? You'll tumble in some day, an' be drowned, an' then you'll be sorry you didn't do as mother said. Take your bonnet up stairs, there's a good girl, an' let your hair be brushed, do for shame; an' come an' go on with your patch work like a nice little lady, for your Aunt Glegg."

"Making patch-work is foolish," said Maggie, "tearing things to pieces to sew 'em together again, and I don't want to do anything for Aunt Glegg—I don't like her."

Exit Maggie dragging her bonnet after her, while Mr. Tulliver laughs audibly.

"But," said Mr. Tulliver, going back to the old subject, "it's an uncommon puzzling thing to know what school to pick for Tom. I know what I'll do—I'll talk it over with Riley; he's coming to-morrow, to arbitrate about the dam."

The next day brought Mr. Riley, and as the dam was a subject of conversation that would keep, Mr. Tolliver soon introduced the subject then most on his mind.

"You see I want to put Tom to school where they'll make a scollard of him."

At the sound of this name, Maggie who was reading a big book close by the fire looked, up eagerly, and the book slipped from her lap.

Mr. Riley picked it up, and presently looked at her, said, "Come, tell me something about this book; here are some pictures,—I want to know what they mean."

Maggie, with deepening color, went on without hesitation.

"O, tell you what that means. It is a dreadful picture, isn't it? That old woman in the water is a witch,—they've put her in to find out whether she is a witch or not; and if she swims, she's a witch, and if she drowned and killed, you know she's innocent, and not a witch, but only a poor silly old woman. But what good would it do her then, you know when she was drowned? Only I suppose she'd go to heaven, and God would make it up to her."

Mr. Tulliver listened to Maggie with petrified wonder.

"What book has the wench got hold on?" he burst out at last.

"The History of the Devil, by Defoe," said Mr. Riley. "How came it among your books?"

"Why, it is one of the books I bought at a sale. They were all bound alike, sermons mostly I think; I thought they were all of one sample. But it seems one musn't judge by th' outside. This is a puzzling world.

Have you no prettier, Maggie?" said Mr. Riley.

"O yes, 'Æsop's Fable's,' a book about kangaroos and things and the 'Pilgrim's Process.'"

"Ah, a beautiful book," said Mr. Riley "you can't read a better."

"Well, but there is a great deal about the devil in that," said Maggie, and, I'll show you a picture of him in his true shape, and Tom colored him for me with his paints,—the body all black, and the eyes red, like fire, because he is all fire inside, and it shines out at his eyes"

"Go! go!" said Mr. Tulliver. "It's as I thought the child'll learn more mischief nor good in the book. Did you ever hear to the like on it?" he said as Maggie retired.

"It's a pity but what she'd been the lad—she'd been a match for the lawyers, she would: it's the wonderfulest thing," —here he lowered his voice—"as I picked the mother because she wasn't so cute, being a good lookin' woman, too; an' she come of a rare family for mareginy. But you see when a man's got the brains himself, there's no knowin' where they will run to: an' a woman may go on raisin' you stupid lads and cute wenches till it is like as if the world was turned topsy-turvy. It's an uncommon puzzling sort of thing."

Mr. Riley's gravity gave way, and he shook a little before he said:

"But your lad is not stupid, and I do think you are right to spend money in his education rather than leave it all to him in your will. I know of an Oxford man and a M. A., and one whom the bishop thinks highly of, who is fond of teaching, and wants two or three boys as pupils." So when midsummer came Tom went to school, and the father lived to be proud and fond of his boy, as this speech will show.

They were sitting together one day when the father suddenly put out his hand and said "Shake hands with me, my lad. It's a great thing when a man can be proud as he's got a good son. I've had that luck."

The Twin Senators.

General Burnside, who is nearing sixty years, stands erect and elegant in his six feet of faultless attire. Like old Uncle Ned he has no hair on the top of his head but enough in his branching Dundreary whiskers to make amends for that upper lack. In the winter a chinchilla skull-cap adds to his natty appearance. His face is clear, kind, intelligent, rather thin strong. Among the senators he takes his place among the "good fellows" rather than among the men mighty in debate. Yet, upon occasion he is found to have plenty of mind of his own, and no lack of power to express it. He and his colleague, Senator Anthony, are called "the twins." Any day they may be seen arm-in-arm on the avenue, tugging at their constitutional walk to the Capitol.

Senator Anthony, who carries near a dozen more years, lags and droops a little, but is borne on swiftly and surely under the arm of his expansive twin. Anthony has a face full of gentle kindness, at one time earned the handsomest in the Senate. It is more than handsome still, with its lingering gentleness, touched now and softened by venerable years.

Both of these men entry with them an atmosphere of worldliness not to be mistaken. They are not quite bon vivants in the extreme sense, you are sure that they have thought long and well on excellent dinners of the expensive sort; that they are descending towards the shadows with a zest of unmixed bonhomie delightful to see, if not altogether praiseworthy. Lovers of pleasure they must certainly be to look just as they do, and yet above it a higher and finer aspect hovers, as if in self-gratification neither had ever lost the finest honor, the most delicate chivalry of manhood.—*Mrs Cleveland, in Independent.*

Circumstantial Evidence.

Many innocent men have suffered for the crimes of others. About forty years ago, a gentleman was tried and convicted upon circumstantial evidence of the murder of his niece. She was heard to exclaim, "Don't kill me!" and that instant a pistol or fowling-piece was fired off. Under these circumstances the gentleman was convicted and executed. Near twelve months after, the niece, who had eloped, arrived in England, and, hearing of the affair, elucidated the whole transaction. It appeared that she had formed an attachment for a person of whom her uncle disapproved. When walking in the fields, he was earnestly dissuading her from the connection, when she replied that she was resolved to have him, or it would be her death, and therefore said: "Don't kill me, uncle! don't kill me!" At the moment she uttered these words, a fowling-piece was discharged by a sportsman in a neighboring field. The same night, she eloped from her uncle's house; and the combination of the suspicious circumstances occasioned his ignominious death. For the mischief she had wrought the poor girl had her whole after life to repent it.

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THE OLD MILL.

Here from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young
With my grist on the horse before;
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toll are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

—*Thomas Dunn English, in Harper's.*

THE WHITE MARE.

In the valley, about six miles above the forks of the Teton river, in northern Montana, is the Blackfoot Indian agency. A high stockade of split logs standing on end, deeply sunk in the earth, encloses about two acres of ground. Heavy gates, opening outward, sway harshly on great iron hinges. They keep the Indians out o' nights. A well of water is the center of the enclosure. Low log buildings, covered with earth, are scattered along the stockade. A couple of sandhill cranes stood expectantly at the well waiting patiently for a thirsty man to draw water. A white tailed deer, with a blue ribbon on her neck, walked daintily around. Her coal black muzzle, studded with drops of dew, brilliant in the slanting rays of the rising sun, was slily thrust into my hand, giving me a slight shock of surprise. By the stables stood a cow moose, standing so awkwardly with crooked legs and humped back, and the pendulous lip, which Mark Twain calls "the Hapsburg," that her very ugliness excited my pity. A moose calf—her miniature in ugliness—stood stupidly at her side. Standing at the well, facing the grand Rocky Mountain range, I drew a bucket of water. Drinking deeply, repulsing the while the advances of the female crane with my moccasined foot, I got the reward of all who reject the advance of the tender sex, and was soon engaged in repelling a furious attack on me by the long legged twain. The attack was fierce. Their long, hard bills clashed viciously as they scornfully scolded me, and I was on the point of beating a disgraceful retreat when I heard, "Ho, Frank! Come and have a mouthful of whisky!" Recognizing the voice, gladly I left the cranes in undisputed possession of the water-bucket, and walked off across the parade to the store of the fur company.

Bidding Burr good-morning, I declined the whisky on grounds unnecessary to state; yet the barrel had a yellow head, and—and—well, I knew the tap. I sat and talked to Burr, who was in charge of this extensive store, and before breakfast he went over it with me. A curious stock. Everything you could not find in an Eastern country store was here. As we walked he explained the business to me. Alluring? Not at all. He, looking at his watch, said: "We have yet time before breakfast to look at my mare."

The sudden change in the expression of the voice, the softening of the eyes, as this hard Indian trader spoke of his horse, excited my curiosity, and I went with him. He took me to a low log stable, the cracks carefully mudded, the open shutter and door well made and carefully fitted, so as to exclude the buffalo gnats in the season. A few short, heavy chains, stretched from post to post, kept the horse in and other animals out. With breast pushing against the topmost chain, with her handsome broad head thrust out, and alert, ears cocked forward stood a snow-white mare. She was looking at the moose with a surprised expression on her face, as much as to say: "Well, you have not grown handsomer during the night." Burr whistled, and with a joyful neigh the mare turned her head toward him and bade him welcome. The greeting between man and animal was almost tender. The mare rubbed her nose gently against his breast, and the man stood softly stroking her delicate neck. Unlocking the chains, they dropped. Burr walked toward the well. The mare with dainty steps, arched neck, and flicking tail, followed behind him, or caressingly advancing to his side, rubbed her body against his, as though the mere contact with the man was grateful to her. His arm it seemed to me, instinctively lifted and dropped across her neck.

The two walked on together, unconscious of any incongruity. A bucket of water stood at the well. The high-bred creature smelt of it, and, detecting my previous presence, disdainfully refused to drink after me. Emptying the bucket, Burr drew another, and of this the mare drank slowly, her white face gradually sinking into the shallow vessel. All across the parade, on the return to the stable, the love scene was re-enacted. As they passed me the mare showed her aversion to strangers by laying back her ears and thrusting out her white-toothed muzzle in a vicious manner, causing me to step hastily back. They passed into the darkness of the stable. Burr comes out with a bucket, puts up the topmost chain, and goes after barley. The mare with outstretched head, looks after him with kind eyes. Again she saw me, and, with wide opened mouth, reached around the post to pay me the attentions of her dislike. Returning to the stable with a full bucket of barley, Burr passed in. I heard him pour the grain into the feed-box: I heard him speak to the mare as his "dear girl," and I heard him—kiss her.

A singular gentleness has come over this hard man, steeled to human suffering and woe, whose business it was to impoverish Indians, to destroy their morals, to brutify them with the devil alcohol. He sat at the breakfast table, silently thinking, with his antelope steaks and trout untasted before him. Watching the softened face I wondered what was the story. So I asked: "Burr, why do you love that white mare?" He looked kindly at me, and, with a sad smile, replied: "To-night, after the men are in bed, I will tell you the story." Then briskly: "Frank, this is not business. Eat, my boy, then clear out, and fish or hunt. You'll find some fool hens in the big willow thicket about five miles below here. I saw them the other day. Shoot some. To-night we will have a feast, and I will open my last two bottles of sherry, and we will talk." His face hardened. The cold deadly look returned to the gray eyes, and our breakfast was soon finished.

Shouldering my musket, I stepped out of the stockade and walked down the valley. On the distant hillsides antelopes grazed; down the valley before me I could see a few deer running for cover to the willows by the stream. Now and then a grouse rose before me and flew rapidly away. I walked steadily on. Climbing a hill, I sat on a rock and musingly gazed at the vast plains to the northeast, at the foothills of the range, and at the rugged, rocky range beyond. I love the Rocky mountains, and never tire of their face. I wasted hours in looking and thinking of the many tales I had heard of the range. When the sun was high above me I started for the willows. There I neatly shot the heads off six grouse. Then jointing a light trout pole, I whipped the clear pools of the south fork of the Teton, and was soon rewarded by a string of fine half-pound trout. Then came the pleasant walk back through the cool, dry air, and over the crispy grass of the north. What luxury life was in the valley of the Teton! I turned my spoils over to the smiling Indian woman who acted as cook for Burr. The rest of the day I spent on horseback running antelope with a lot of half-blood Indians. At eight o'clock supper was served and eaten. The sherry was brought out, and I scattered on the table a handful, my last, of Rosa Conchas that had never paid duty, and as we sat smoking, Burr told me this story:

"In the fall of 1868, I thought it might be profitable to start a trading post in the Yellowstone valley. Learning from the Blackfeet that the Sioux were camped on the south side of the river, I determined to ride over and see what arrangements I could make with them. I crossed the Belt mountains, and, riding down the valley, was soon at their camp. I on the north side of the river, they on the south. I sat on my horse and hailed the camp. No answer. I could see plenty of Indians walking about, and again I shouted. No answer. I shouted myself hoarse, and the only notice taken of me was by an old buck, who walked to the river bank, looked at me, made an insulting gesture, and slowly walked off. I went there to trade, and, having got angry at the treatment, though I well knew that I ought to leave the valley at once, I, like a fool, resolved to cross the stream and brave the danger. So I forded and rode into camp. I spoke to no one; no one spoke to me. The sullen braves turned their backs on me as I rode past them. The young girls looked curiously at me. Riding slowly along, I cooled rapidly. I saw that I was not wanted, and I at last fully realized that I was in danger. I did not dare to ride to the south, out of camp, nor did I have courage enough to attempt to cross the river. "Before me stood a great tent made of buffalo skins. It was the largest I had ever seen. I halted, dismounted, and stood silently at my horse's head. No one noticed me. Indians went past me, apparently not seeing me. At last a young woman came and stood before me. Looking right into my eyes, she said; "What do you want?' I looked her coldly in the face and made no reply. Smiling, she asked: "what brings you here?' Steadily I gazed into her eyes and was voiceless. She left me and disappeared into the great lodge. Soon an Indian warrior, in full paint with bow and strung arrow in his hands, came to me. Speaking Blackfoot, he said: 'Why are you in this camp?' To him I replied, 'I wish to trade with you.' More men came. They took my horse, and seizing me by the arm they led me into the great lodge. Here I was seated and a council was held. I sat and listened to their talk of what it was best to do with so presumptuous a white man. Some were in favor of trading. The large majority of the Indians were in favor of torturing me. It was soon decided that I should be tortured; and they sat and discussed the many methods. After a two days' talk it was decided to burn me. I was in a strange condition mentally. I would listen to a plan of torture as though it was some other man they were talking about; and I would comment to myself on that plan at giving the chap but little chance for his life. But when the dusky brave, who spoke Blackfoot, told me that I was to die by fire the next day, I understood that I was the man they had been talking about, and I said: I know it.' Clustering around me, they asked if I had understood all the talk. 'Yes; I had.' Then why not answer the maiden when she spoke to you? I came not to talk to squaws, but to trade with men. No use; I could do nothing by soft talk, and, having played my hand, finally resigned myself to my fate.

"I noticed that the girl who had first spoken to me in front of the lodge was watching me. She would quickly glance at me, and then drop her eyes on the buckskin shirt she was embroidering with Crow hair. Several times I noticed this, and once I replied with a smile. The lodge emptied. All were gone except the girl. She quickly came to my side, apparently to refold some buffalo robes, and, in a whisper, said: You are to die to-morrow. To-night I will have the best horse in the camp saddled and standing on the outside of the lodge. I will have the tent cut from the outside. You jump through, mount, and de for your life. You may escape. You will burn if you stay.' Then with a smile, 'The mare is mine. She is the fastest animal in the valley of the Yellowstone. I give her to you.' She left me and quickly resumed her work. As she wove the hair of many Crow scalp-locks into the shirt I sat looking thankfully at her. She never looked at me again. As I saw a chance for my life my heart beat so loudly that I thought it would be heard. I calmed my face and waited. I ate fairly of supper. I smoked a pipe. All were very kind and attentive to me. Night was passing away, and still the Indians lingered, looking at the man to be burned on the morrow. I leaned back against the tent to rest myself, when I felt a hand gently pushing me forward. Sitting whistling I felt the point of a knife come through and strike my neck. I did not flinch. I could feel the blood trickle down my back, I could feel the knife carefully drawn down until it hit the ground. Still whistling I waited, my heart thumping, my blood on fire—waited a moment to give whoever cut the tent time to escape. Then grasping my heart and nerves for a moment, I gathered myself and turned backward thro' the opening. Jumping instantly to my feet, I vaulted into the saddle that was on the back of a white horse that stood there, and in the midst of yells, of rifle shots, of a pack of howling dogs, we rushed out of camp. It seemed to me as though a thousand horse-men were in pursuit of me instantly. We galloped up the river to a bend I had seen. Dashing in, we forded it under a fire that made the water boil about us, and were out of the water before any the Sioux were half way across. Striking the trail to the Bozeman pass, I took it, and knowing it, pushed boldly on, and though hotly pursued, my horse outlasted theirs, and I escaped. I never drew reign until I dismounted to the West of the pass. The girl saved me. With any other horse, I should have been lost. I have not got the girl. The love I have for her the mare has instead. I returned to my post and made no trade in the Yellowstone that year.

"Again. Last winter the snow was on the ground in January, and for three days I had been hunting or running antelope. The sun was very bright and my eyes hurt me. I saw specks flying about; little chains with small links were constantly before me. My eyes burned smartly when I returned to the agency. Daily while hunting I had seen the low, black clouds in the north that indicate the formation or marshalling of the winds of the frozen North. Daily the South wind swept them beyond the northern horizon, but the next morning found them looming portentiously in the northern sky. On my return to the agency I found a runner had just got in from Belly River, in British America, with important news for me. It was necessary that I should go up at once. I started the next morning. My eyes hurt dreadfully.

"I always go to the Belly River, when the snow is on the ground, by the way of the Sweet Grass hills, and there I camp one night. One side of the hills is always bare of snow, and there is a spring of good water on the northern side of the centre hill. A strong south wind was blowing when I started, but by noon I saw the clouds to the north suddenly rise up. I knew that the marshalling of the north winds was completed and they were eager for the assault on the soft south wind. On came the black cloud. The south wind still blew fiercely, but it could not stem the assault from the Arctic region. Birds flew south before the storm; antelope and deer were running for shelter, I had reached my camping ground, and stood looking far off to the north, seeing the landmarks disappear one by one as the head of the 'blizzard' reached them and shrouded them in its icy breath. A calm. Then, with a mighty rush and a loud noise, the head of the 'blizzard' swept past me. The air was filled with particles of ice that cut through almost horizontally, and seemed as if they would never fall. Colder, ever grew the wind, and denser the air as the ice particles thickened. I sought shelter in the rocks. Buckling the clothing on the mare I turned her loose, knowing that she would not leave me. Then I lay down on my blankets, and wrapping my beaver cloak around me, I tried to sleep. I began thinking, and could not sleep. The buffalo did not come south that winter, and the wolves were gaunt and hungry. As they follow a horseman over the plains in the summer, so they do in the winter, only more of them, and those great, gaunt famine-breeders, the gray and black ones, go in largely increased numbers. I had had a pack of them at my heels all day, and now they cropped up in my thoughts.

"Finally I slept. When I awoke it was dark. Holding up my naked hand I felt the icy sweat of the 'blizzard' strike sharply against it. The roar of the wind still continued. I waited, it seemed to me, for hours, when I suddenly felt my mare paw my breast. I spoke kindly to her, saying she had made a mistake. Soon she pawed me again, and I rose to find that all was dark, that I could not see the white mare. Alarmed, I struck a match under my cloak and looked down to see the blaze. I saw nothing but the match burned my fingers. With a desolating despondency I realized the fact that the glaze of the snow encountered for the past few days had made me snow-blind: that I was fifty miles from the nearest house, and unable to see: that a furious storm was raging.

"Stupid, almost wild with norror, I thought I could hear the sniffing of the wolves, and the soft patter of their feet below the wild shriek of the Arctic winds. I was simply benumbed with terror. The mare recalled me to myself by rubbing her cold muzzle to my face. She saw that something was wrong with me, but what she could not comprehend. I resolved to saddle her, to feed her, and, after she ate, to mount her and let her take her own course. So I fed her the remaining measure of barley, and waited for her to eat. Then I saddled up, and, without bridling, mounted, and, wrapping my cloak around me, sat steadily in the saddle, awaiting the frisky action of the high-strung animal. She stood trembling till I told her to go. Then I felt her turn until the ice drops struck obliquely on my right side and back, and she rapidly walked off. Not a motion or movement did she make to discompose my seat. Wrapped in my cloak, with hood drawn over my face, warm and encouraged with hope, I patientey sat on my horse. I could now hear the snarling of the wolves, and my only fear was that they, rendered desperate by hungry, might attack the mare. I dismissed the thought—would not think of it. If they did attack us we were lost; if they not, I thought we were safe. All day the 'blizzard' raged and tore icily around us. The mare walked rapidly or cantered slowly on. It seemed to me that we had been traveling for days, for weeks, even, when the mare stopped and neighed loudly. Reaching forward I felt the rough stockade; dismounting, I felt the hinges of the gate. Loudly I called. Then I took my rifle from the saddle, and rapidly I handled cartridges into it. At last a sleepy voice from the inside called 'Who is there?' I answered Burr, and I am dead snow-blind. Come to me.' They came, and I was saved—saved for the second time by the white mare. Do you wonder that I, not having the Sioux maiden, love her mare?

I sat by the bright fire, with my feet on a stool, and did not answer—simply sat and smoked, and thought of the girl, of the man, of the mare. Leaving me thinking, Burr went to sleep in his chair with a softened face.—*Frank Wilkeson Argonaut.*

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Man can not draw water from an empty well,
Or trace the stories that the gossips tell,
Or gather the sounds of a pealing bell.

Man never can stop the billows' roar,
Nor chain the winds till they blow no more,
Nor drive true love from a maiden's door.

Man cannot o'ertake a fleeting lie,
Change his wheat to a field of rye,
Or call back years that have long gone by.

Man can never bribe old Father Time,
Gain the height of peak he cannot climb,
Or trust the hand that hath done a crime.

Man cannot a cruel word recall,
Fetter a thought, be it great or small,
Or honey extract from a drop of gall.

Man can never backward turn the tide,
Or count the stars that are scattered wide,
Or find a fool a trusty guide.

Man cannot reap fruit from a worthless seed,
Rely for strength on a broken reed,
Or gain a heart he had caused to bleed.

Man can never hope true peace to win,
Pleasure without and joy within,
Living a thoughtless life of sin.

THE SECRET.

I wish I could tell you—I do wish I could! I hate to have a secret; it burns like money in my pocket. It's an unnatural thing, anyway. One wants sympathy: if it is a gloomy secret, somebody to be gloomy with; and if it is a glad one, sombody to be glad with; somebody to talk it over with, to make much or little of it with, to conjecture concerning it, its beginning and its end, to dwell upon it and gloat over it; how in the world is one going to enjoy anything all by one's self? If I'm eating a peach, I want somebody to have part of it, to know how luscious it is; and I wouldn't give a sixpence for a coach and four unless there were somebody by to see me riding. So I say to myself, what's the use of knowing if your not to speak or look, or wink, if you're to be no wiser than other people, and let nobody see that you are? And as for me, I am always blushing, and my tongue is tripping, and I'm sure to be on the point of betraying the whole thing by something I say, and clapping my hand on my mouth like a silly child.

Still, although it's nervous and anxious work, I can keep a secret if I try, or else when he—I mean she—at least I mean I should not have been trusted with it if I couldn't. Some people are so important with a secret, and go about as if they knew enough to hang the rest of the world. But I never am: I only long to tell it; and I do so want to tell you this one. But there—I promised I wouldn't breathe it, and a promise is a promise, you know.

I suppose I wouldn't care half so much to tell if it were only a commonplace affair, if there was no romance about it all, but there is. Some people are so fond of romance—our Romaine is; and I don't believe that anything could have pleased her half so much that happened in the regular, expected way. Our Romaine always was so full of fancies and ideas, and when there is anything romantic going, it always falls to her lot. Don't you think she is a beauty? I do; so tall, so beautifully made, so gracious, such hair—such soft, fragrant hair—her eyes are like lovely, shining jewels and her skin so like a tea rose! I don't believe any of those famous beauties you read about can hold a candle to her—that I don't! I always wondered why he did not take some one of her lovers, although I knew, too, or thought I did, for she was just as lovely ten years ago, when she came home from school at seventeen—the very day those dreadful soldiers came, you recollect—as she is to-day. She had been gone so long—four years—that everything about the place was just as sweet and strange to her as if it were a kingdom she had just come into; and she was going around, looking at this and exclaiming at that, caressing the creatures that knew her, every one of them, even to the parrots—just rejoicing in everything; and I, a little six-year-old worshiper, was following her in adoration, with the peacock following me; when all at once the lawn was covered with soldiers, and the yard was full of foragers, and the horses. Romaine's own pony, Gulnare, and mamma's, were being led away, and all the cows were lowing, and all the pigs were squealing and the fowl were cackling, as those wretches took possession; and some were building fires in the yard, and the rest were swarming into the house. And they were in the china closet, ravaging the store room, were in the bedrooms, in the wardrobes, and a parcel of them had poor mamma in a corner, and had torn away her shawl, and one was flourishing her cap on the point of his bayonet, and Romanie had sprung into the midst of them, threateining them with a wild fury, when suddenly a voice rang over the uproar, a terrible commanding voice, somebody strode through the throng, and seizing by the shoulder first one and then another of the men who had cornered mamma and Romaine, flung them on this side and on that, and in one moment silence fell, and man by man they slunk away, and presently they were tumbling down the stairs, and marching out of the hall by files; and the officer who had wrought the change—a tall, slender young fellow of whom one could see little but the eyes blazing like wildfire, for the torn and drooping visor of his cap, and for the brown beard covering his brown face, and the smears of smoke and and powder—put mamma's shawl about her shoulders, bowed low to Romaine, and took me in his arms a moment and looked at me, and set me down again, and was passing out, when Romaine ran forward and caught his hand, and began to pour out a torrent of thanks. He turned and smiled. "I deserve no thanks," he said. He then, half hesitating a single instant, raised Romanine's hand, that still forgetful held his, and pressed it to his lips, and was gone. And a curious silver-set diamond on his hand, whose stone made a tiny crest, took my baby eye, so that I always remembered it. But as I turned to Romaine—oh, how she looked then! I've never seen anything so beautiful since, she blushed such a rosy red, and her eyes lighted, and her smile grew dazzling, and I've thought as I remembered it, that just so Eve might have looked when she woke and looked upon the world before her. And he turned in the door and saw her, and then he ran down the stairs and mounted his horse; and presently we heard the last of them trooping over the hill. They took Gulnare and Ali with them, though, for all of the young officer; but the very next day Gulnare came into the yard by herself, and neighed for her oats.

Well, now, do you know, I believe that from that very moment Romaine made that young officer her hero and her ideal. She didn't know his name, she didn't know his regiment, she didn't know his rank, she had hardly seen his face, but for all that, she just resolved—very likely without putting it in so many words to herself—that if she couldn't marry him, she would never marry anybody, and she would keep herself and her thoughts sacred to this hero. And that is what has given her this air of remoteness, almost as if she belonged to a superior race, you know. She didn't know whether her hero was alive or dead; there were skirmishes in the neighborhood, and before long a great battle farther off; but there were no means of learning anything, of course, and he never came back. Somehow, I think she felt that if he were alive he would, and I think she began to look upon him as dead, and herself as—well, don't you laugh—as something like a widow; at any rate, as vowed to him. She was only seventeen then you know. Oh, yes, I know I'm only sixteen myself, and a terrible chatterbox too, Paul says; but I know that things get fixed in one's mind at seventeen that even seventeen more years won't undo, and Romaine has only ten years more. But Romaine has the poetical temperament.

Well, in a year or two Uncle Paul died, and left mamma a comfortable fortune. As the farm really belonged to Paul, when he reached home, mamma decided to come to the city for our winters, and to build this little villa for the summers, and sometimes Paul comes to us, and sometimes we go to him. A year ago nearly I came back from school, Mamma said I was very pretty, but very uninformed, and she wondered what my teachers had been about to leave all this trouble for her, and she doubted what sort of a match I would make. I said how could I make any with Romaine still hanging on her hands? Whereupon Mamma said Romaine was the most preposterous girl alive; she had just let millions slip through her fingers, and she didn't believe the Archangel Micheal would make any impression on her. So I began to watch Romaine, and I found an old brass button was one of her treasures, and I learned what sort of people it was in whom she felt an interest: I observed the care she took of Gulnare, although Gulnare was twenty years old; and I discovered, by accident, again, put away with a lock of Mrs. Browning's hair and a leaf from Shelley's tomb, that brass button and an old torn visor of a soldier's cap. Again, once when we were all recounting old times and mamma was telling of the fright she had when the soldier was flourishing her cap on a bayonet, and the gratitude she felt to her deliverer, who, she always did feel, came straight from heaven to help her, and who, for all she knew, went just as straight back again, I happened to be looking at Romaine in the glass, upon which she turned red as a rose, then all at once grew white as a white rose, was faint, and had to go out of the room. I made up my mind about Romaine.

I was sorry, too; for some of Paul's people who used to come mooning round her were mighty nice. There was Col. Rice—I don't know what he was colonel of, some fancy fair or sidewalk regiment—I'm sure he never smelled powder except when shooting pigeons; but he had the littlest foot and hand, and oceans of money, and a brag. And he did send Romaine such flowers! and if she had but thrown her handkerchief, there was nothing he wouldn't have given her—cashmere shawls to look on, and diamonds bright enough to read by. And there was an Englishman's son just back from buffalo hunting, who would have made a countess of her, only give him time enough; and goodness knows how many more of Paul's chums, and Senator Catchpenny, and the regulation swells, and Cousin Nicholas.

And Romanie disdained them all—every one of Paul's chums of course, and Cousin Nicholas on account of the old family feud that had always kept us apart; he was hundred-thousandth cousin or so. And when the Englishman was round she just-out Americaned the Americans; and nothing but the dread of a scene with mamma could get her behind Colonel Rice's horses, although I should have been glad of the chance; and that is the way it had been with one or another for nine or ten years, mamma said: and Romaine was undoubtedly a fixture.

"I don't know about you having the right to hold yourself so accessible," said mamma to her one day, as the winding up of a talking-to that sent Romaine out of the room crying. "What is there about you that no man in America, or Europe either, that I can see, is fit to marry you, I should like to know?"

Romaine was dancing that night with Cousin Nicholas at Mrs. Glance's ball. The delicious waltz music made my feet just tingle. Mamma let me go to a ball now and then, to show people what she had in reserve, Romaine said. But there was Romaine so listless, so lovely, so indifferent, and Nicholas looking down at her so eager, so intent, and then leading her out into the moonlight, as if he would take her away from all these people, and into another world. "It is no use, Cousin Nicholas," said I, when he happened to think of me, half an hour afterward, and brought me an ice; "she wouldn't marry you if you were made of gold. She wouldn't marry anybody but a soldier, anyway." All at once Nicholas's face lighted up; "and him only if he had been nearly shot to pieces, and only one soldier out of all of them, I do believe," I made haste to add, so as not to encourage him.

"How much must a man do to earn his case?" said Nicholas, in his slow, languid way, when he always did seem taller and more broad-shouldered than ever. He was a handsome fellow, with his fresh color, his white forehead, his grizzled curling hair in tight rings like that of an old Greek head, his teeth gleaming from under a dark mustache when he smiled. I didn't see how she could help being attracted to him—being in love with him, you know.

"How many scars must he show?" he drawled. "Does she want you to wear a uniform and bandages all the time?" and then his eyes flashed, he thrust his fingers through the bright curls, and I saw where a bullet had ploughed its way through them. "That was my ticket for four months of unconsciousness in a hospital!" he cried. And then he pulled up the cuff from his right wrist, and drew his fingers asross an indentation there. "That lost me my sword arm," he said. "What more does she want? Shall I tell her that a bullet made this dimple in my chin? That I carry the five wounds with me? I suppose if I took off both arms and both legs every night, she would have me out of hand."

No, she wouldn't," I said. She wouldn't have you unless you were a tall slender fellow whose eyelashes were burned off, whose face was covered to the eyes with a torn visor above and by a brown beard below, who kissed her hand, and wore an old silver-set diamond crest on his—I saw it—and whom she has set up in her shrine for ever and ever. Why, Cousin Nicholas' what is the matter with you? For he had suddenly burst into the gayest and most uproaring laugh. "You had better tell me so that I can laugh too," I said, feeling as though I ought to be angry, but deciding that I could not be vexed with Cousin Nicholas. "I've no doubt she'll thing better of you when I tell her about your scars," I said.

"When you tell her about my scars!" he exclaimed, so that I started and trembled. "Open your lips to her about them, you blessed little chatterbox, and I'll kill you! If she won't care for me without scars, she shant care for me at all!"

"Well, I declare. I never—" I began. "Just take me to mamma, if you please. If Paul heard you speaking so to his—"

"Hang Paul! Hush! hush!" he said, drawing my hand through his arm and holding it. "You have made me happier to-night than you ever can again."

I think everybody has gone crazy!" I cried. And then, instead of taking me to mamma, Cousin Nicholas' arm slid around my waist, and he was whirling me round the room to the maddening waltz music in a way that mamma asserted afterward was utterly inexcusable, and that Romaine declared took away her breath. "I should never have thought it of you," she said.

"Dear me!" I answered; "you don't suppose he's going to go sighing like a furnace for you forever, when you—"

"When I what?"

"Have refused him twenty times."

"I've never had the chance to refuse him once. I don't want to have it—"

"You're afraid you'd accept him, miss," I exclaimed.

"I don't want to accept him."

"You'd accept him quickly enough if he was a slender young officer with a face hidden by a bright brown beard and smooches and smirches of powder, driving his soldiers out of the house—the first man that ever kissed your hand, Miss Romaine, with an old silver-set diamond ring on his. You needn't think I hadn't any eyes, if I wasn't but six years old, or any memory, or any faculty of putting two and two together."

"Oh, how can you be so cruel!" she cried, hiding her face in her hands.

"I'm not cruel," I said. "Its you that are cruel, and silly too. Cousin Nicholas is worth a dozen of that fellow that you set up for yourself to bow down to. Don't you suppose Cousin Nicholas would have driven the soldiers out, and have kissed your hand, too?"

"Nicholas, where bullets were flying!"

"Yes, where bullets were flying, and riddled with them, besides. And you don't deserve him, that you don't, if you are beautiful. But, oh! I do declare. Romaine, when you are so perfectly lovely and he does love you so, for you too—"

"How do you know he loves me so? He never said it."

"As if there was no other speech than just so many words! I can't see how you can be so unfeeling."

"I never said I was unfeeling."

"What? Really, Romaine? Are you in earnest? Do you really care for him, just a little?"

"I—I—I mean I could—maybe. But—but then, you know, dear, I—can't talk about it. I feel as if I were pledged—as if I were breaking a bond—"

"To that other fellow? Fiddlesticks ends! You, twenty-seven years old, almost an old maid, and as silly as that! Now, I'll tell you what, if you don't turn a short corner, I'll see what I can do myself; and when it's too late for you, you'll be eating your heart out with envy and rage. There he comes now, and I'm going out to see him and begin;" and so I ran down the lawn to meet him as he gave his horse to the groom—it was only the next day after Mrs. Glance's ball.

"I've something to tell you," I said, taking his arm and holding it in a way to drive vexation to Romaine's heart, for I knew she was looking at us behind a curtain somewhere.

"And I've something to show you, my dear child," he answered, and he fumbled in a pocket a moment, and then, opening his hand just a little way, let me see a gleam of something sparkling—diamonds—silver set.

"Nicholas!" I cried. And I stood open-mouthed looking him over from head to foot.

"'Ten years make great alterations,' he hummed.

"But, Nicholas—"

"Hush! hush! Do you believe she has suspected?" he said.

"Oh, never! Oh, make haste! Oh, do go in! She's in the music-room looking out behind the curtains." And I never was so impatient with anybody in my life as with the slow, careless gait at which he sauntered up the lawn and into the house.

I ran in, half an hour later, to get my Japanese work. They had gone out on the balcony, and were leaning over the rail together, looking at the sea; and there was a color in Romaine's cheeks and a glory in her eyes that almost made my heart stop beating. Then I suddenly made a dart at her, caught her hand and held it up. And they both seized me with one accord that moment, and swore me to secrecy. And I promised; and although I'm dying to tell you, wild horses won't get it away from me, and I never, never shall tell you what it was I saw on Romaine's finger.—*Harper's Weekly.*

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LOCAL LEAVES.

Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street.

Joseph Hall has purchased the Emerson property on Mandan avenue.

Crockery of all kinds, and a full line of glassware at Whalen's, opposite the postoffice.

Commissioner Frank Donnelly was in town to day. His broken arm is slowly healing

"Gov." Wise enjoys a pension from the battle at Gettysburg, yet he will vote for Garfield.

Mason's hermetically sealed fruit jars of all sizes at Whalen's, opposite the postoffice.

The French call it *chic*, the English call it cheek, but the true born American say its nothing but brass.

Dr Jackson will fill Col. Bull's pulpit during his absence Services will be held morning and evening

Manager Carnthan and lightning slingers generally are looking for other lands to conquer (tree claims.)

Fargo has voted a charter and aid for water works almost without a dissenting voice Will Bismarck do as well?

Joe Hare, the bonanza saloonist of the northwest, has retired from business and has fifteen thousand dollars to loan.

Meck's concert saloon is a sort of bull-whackers' paradise, judging from the crowd that assembles to hear the music.

Messrs R. R Marsh and J. D. Wakeman will be the new firm in charge of the Merchants hotel, Mr L. N Griffin retiring.

Dr. Tanner would never succeed in his forty days fast should he catch a glimpse of the bill of fare offered by Bismarck hotels.

The Fort Pierre *Signal* says Ben Ash is on hand with a stock of liquors which he will open out on the other side of the river

Mr T J Tully is overrun with orders for suits but is equal to the task, and is turning them out daily, as the well dressed citizens will testify.

Messrs. Valentine Schreck and H. P. Bogue have leased Joe Hare's "bon ton" restaurant and will continue to entertain the multitude after August 5th.

Charlie Williams handles the ribbons on the quarter stretch "to the queen's taste," while his extensive patronage handle the "conversation water."

At the residence of M P. Slattery, Wednesday evening, July 21st, August Fessler and Alice Stafford were married by the Rev W C Stevens. Success.

P. R Barrett has fitted up his First street property and has opened a bar and boarding house. His son, E. H. Barrett, a very competent young man, has joined him

Joe Hare has rented his restaurant to Valentine Shreck and H. P. Bogue, who will improve it and add to its facilities for catering to the hungry part of our community.

The prevalence of "crooks" in the city is acknowledged by the many sufferers from recent burglaries, but Sheriff McKenzie can account for them all. They are safe in "Jou."

Geo B. Whipple, chaplain of St. Mary's Hall, Faribault, Minn, was in the city last week, looking after the interest of his school This is one of the best schools in the United States for girls.

Mr McFarland the hide and fur dealer has purchased lots near the Episcopal church, and intends building a residence at once That portion of our city will rapidly develop in the future

Capt Badger writes that the 6th infantry wish they were marching back to Dakota for another term of eight years. They think the poorest country in Dakota is better than the best in Colorado.

Col Bull and Harry Jackson, a son of Rev Dr Jackson, of Fort Lincoln, left Wednesday for a tour of the extension and the country on the Little Missouri They will do missionary service while absent.

High toned bar tenders are now wearing a wristlet made of dessicated banana peels Schafer, of the Merchants, has not yet donned the garb, but nevertheless continues to serve up superb drinks, for which he is noted.

Johnny Whalen's clerk is practicing on the immense number of glasses contained in his recent invoice, "a la Swiss bell ringers" in order to give THE TRIBUNE a slight contrast to the continued hilarity of the "enthusiastic orchestrian opposite

Arriving Daily.
Lemons,
Peaches,
Oranges,
Tomatoes,
Green Apples.
Just received at W. H. THURSTON & Co's.

50,000 Cigars in job lots
At HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Ladies and Childrens' Shoes
An elegant assortment at EISENBERG'S.

Spring Chickens, at
W H THURSTON & Co's.

Nobby Fitting Suits made to Order
At SCHIFFLER'S

Gilt Edge Butter.
A large shipment of Gilt Edge farm packed butter just received by
4-1 FRITZ & GRIFFIN.

Dress Goods
In all the novelties and latest styles, at EISENBERG'S.

"Le Mio,"
The finest brand of Cigars made at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Important to Haymakers.
Machine Oil per gallon $1 00,
" " " 75,
" " " 60, at
DUNN & Co's.

Gent's Furnishing Goods
And fine Neck-wear at EISENBERG'S.

The Kelly Key West Cigar at
HOLLEMBAEK'S

Grain Cradles
For sale cheap, at D. I. BAILEY & Co's

Fancy Toilet Soap,
A large variety, at EISENBERG'S.

5,000 Vanity Fair Cigarettes
Just opened at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Farm Implements
In the shape of Scythes, Hay Forks. Rakes, etc., of the best make at
D. I BAILEY & Co's.

The Finest Wines.
And Liquors and choice Cigars, Imported and Domestic, at George Elder's "O. F. C." Restaurant, Fourth street.

Found.
A cream colored pony, two miles east of Troy Horse. The owner can have it inside of thirty days by paying charges for advertising. Apply at or to F. J. BECKER,
7-9 13th Siding, D. T.

Nothing can compare with Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic for bilious and malarial fevers

Pumps
Of all kinds, the best in the market, at
D. I BAILEY & Co's.

Paint, Varnish, and Katsoming Brushes at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Fly Traps
At D. I. BAILEY & Co's.

Mosquito Screens at
D. I BAILEY & Co.'s.

Goto Stimpson's
For Ice Cream and Strawberries.

Fifty Thousand of Various Brands of Cigars being closed out at manufacturers' prices at HOLLEMBAEK'S

Window Glass, all sizes, at
HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Strawberry Plants
for sale cheap, at
53tf BRAGG'S

Base Balls
and Bats at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Stimpson
Has a ladies' entrance to his Ice Cream Parlors.

To Haymakers.
Call and examine those Scythes at
D. I. BAILEY & Co's

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

WANTED Lovers of fine wines and liquors, a good cigar or a "bang up" meal, to call at Bush & McBratney's Palace Restaurant. Mandan, D. T. tf

WANTED.—Situation as overseer of farm or livery stable. Good driver and hostler, understands gardening in all its branches, including hot house gardening Address
7 FRANK SMITH, Tribune office.

For Sale.

FOR SALE —A first class Emmerson piano, nearly new, 7½ octaves.
9 10 ASA FISHER.

FOR SALE —Two yoke of cattle, five and seven years old. WM ROLDEAU,
9 10 Bismarck

FOR SALE.—Five hundred bushels good oats for sale at 50 cts per bushel by Joseph Haskamp, headquarters at Merchants hotel.

FOR RENT A good house on upper Fourth street newly plastered and fitted up For terms enquire of
F. D. BOLLES,
at Post Office.

FOR SALE —E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign 36tt

FOR SALE Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttie, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally who have been short of milk should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

Miscellaneous.

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty Large invoice just received at MARSHALL'S, 76 Main Street.

GET your watch regulated at Day & Plants 28½ Main street.

$72 A WEEK $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free Address STINSON & Co. Portland Maine

SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co, Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

$66 a week in your own town Terms and $5 outfit free Address H HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine

FRENCH Kid side lace and buttoned boots, the neatest yet at MARSHALL'S.

DRY WOOD Steamboatmen will find 500 cords of dry wood at Oak Point, 75 miles above Bismarck C. L. MERRY.

Money to Loan.

MONEY to LOAN.
2tf P. J. CALL

$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit In quire of FLANNERY & WETHERBY

MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to such borrowers. Inquire of
M. P. SLATTERY,
41tfm 48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

DRUGS

DUNN & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGIST.
NO. 92 MAIN STREET.

BANK

WALTER MANN, Pres't, G. H FAIRCHILD, Cash'r
St Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF BISMARCK,
Bismarck, - - Dakota.
Paid up Capital $50,000

DIRECTORS:
WALTER MANN, G H FAIRCHILD,
H R PORTER, ASA FISHER,
DAN EISENBERG.

CORRESPONDENTS:
American Exchange Nat Bank, New York.
First National Bank, Chicago.
Merchants Nat. Bank, St. Paul.

Collections made and promptly remitted. Drafts on all principal cities of Europe. Interest on time deposits.

Agency for sale of passenger tickets to and from Europe by several of the principal lines of steamboats.

FIELD GLASSES, TELESCOPES, Pocket Barometers, Compasses, Magnifying Glasses, Microscopes, and Pocket Thermometers. The best goods at lowest prices. P. & J. Beck, Manufacturing Opticians, Philadelphia, Pa. Send stamps for illustrated price-list and mention this paper. All these goods can be sent safely by mail. 7-6mo

DRY GOODS.

SUPERB MATERIALS!
--FOR--
White Dress Goods
--AT--
DAN. EISENBERG'S,
(NO. 45 MAIN STREET.)

A few of the following are of the latest Fabrics and the most popular White Dress Materials, new this season :

WHITE MASALIA FRENCH LAWNS,
FRENCH CAMBRICS,
INDIA MULLS in beautiful quality,
BISHOP AND VICTORIA LAWNS,
PLAIN and FIGURED MULLS, in the Finest Qualities Shown in this Market.

TABLE DAMASK!
German Cream Damask,
German Turkey Damask,
Solid Cardinal Damask,
Fancy Bordered Damask.

DAMASK SPREADS
SOLID CARDINAL and NAPKINS to match.
Also, an Elegant line of CREAM and WHITE NAPKINS to match. TABLE LINENS, Etc., Etc.

HOSIERY! UNDERWEAR!!
GREAT CLOSING SALE
Of Ladies', Gents' and Children's HOSIERY and UNDERWEAR. Come and secure the Great Bargains I am now offering from the largest and best selected stock.
DAN. EISENBERG.

DRY GOODS.

THE SEASON
FOR THE SALE OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Millinery, Fancy Goods,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Shoes
IS NOW AT ITS HEIGHT.

The newest of everything, as it appears in the New York and Boston markets, is shown by W. B. WATSON in his new and elegant store. Now is the time for Sun Shades, Parasols, Fans, Lisle Thread Gloves and Mitts in all shades, Laces, Fancy Ribbons, Rushings, Corsets, new styles of Ladies' Hosiery in Silk, Lisle Thread and Balbriggans, light Gauze and Muslin Underwear for Ladies, and Gents. I offer the most complete line of

FINE DRESS GOODS

in the Territory. Lawns, Lace Buntings in all shades, Seaside Zephyrs, Plain Buntings in all colors, Brocaded Grenadines,

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!

Brocaded, Gros Grain and Plain, in all colors, at lower prices than any other house will sell them. Will sell a fine line of Summer Silks to close out,

A COST.

Also an elegant line of Trimmed and Untrimmed Ladies', Misses and Children's Hats at Cost. The largest stock of

Carpets AND Oil Cloths

Ever offered in Dakota, which I sell less than the same kind of goods can be bought for elsewhere.
I also continue to sell my stock of Clothing and Men's Boots and Shoes

AT ACTUAL COST.

Call and examine my stock, and you will be satisfied that you can save money by buying of me.

Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

80 Main Street. **W. B. WATSON.**

TONIC

REED'S

GILT EDGE
TONIC
—IS A—
THOROUGH REMEDY
for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces, which debilitate. It has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with the triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, of on sold under the name of bitters.
FOR SALE BY
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

E. SCHIFFLER.
FINE
Merchant Tailor
No. 86 Main St., Opposite Sheridan House, Bismarck, D. T.,
A Selection of both Foreign and Domestic Cloths.

SING for joy! Only $18 for a genuine N. Y. Singer Sewing Machine. Can see and try before you buy. Elegant finish, best materials, and finest work. Warranted 3 years. Kept in order free. See our book (sent free) before you buy. Try us and save money. No risk. ECONOMY EMPORIUM, 47 Third Av., Chicago.

COULSON LINE

1880 1880
Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.
OLD RELIABLE
DAKOTA. MONTANA.

Coulson Line

Comprised of the following new and elegant passenger steamers, built expressly for the trade, leaving Bismarck regularly during the season of 1880, receiving freight and passengers through to all points East and West, connecting with roads East and West

MONTANA,	WESTERN,
DAKOTA,	FAR WEST,
WYOMING,	KEY WEST,
ROSE BUD,	BLACK HILLS

BIG HORN.

The above steamers are owned and controlled by the Missouri River Transportation Company, fully organized and reliable—not here to day and away to morrow, but a fixture we are here to stay."

For information or freight and passenger rates, write or telegraph

W. S. EVANS, Prest.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.,
S. B. COULSON, Gen'l Manager,
Yankton, D. T.,
J. C. McVAY, Gen Fr't Ag't.,
Yankton.

D. W. Maratta, Gen. Supt.,
BISMARCK, D. T

For Fort Benton, Saturday, 23d.
Steamer ROSEBUD,

JEWELERS

Day & Plants,
Watchmakers and Jewelers.
Also dealers in all kinds of
SEWING MACHINES.

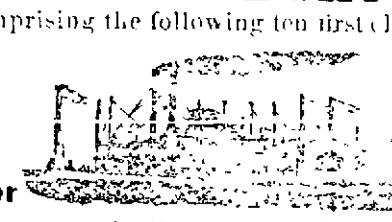
WOOD-WORKERS.

BOSTWICK & ARNOLD,
Variety Wood Workers.
Wood Turning, Scroll Sawing, Office Desks, Screen Doors, &c. Repairing Furniture a specialty Dunkleberg's shop, opposite R. R. warehouse, Front St.

LAWRENCE & Co., New York.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN

FORT BENTON TRANSPORTATION CO.
BENTON P LINE.
IN CONNECTION WITH THE
Peck Line AND THE Yellowstone Line
Comprising the following ten first class Steamers:



Benton,	C. K. Peck,
Helena,	Nellie Peck,
Butte,	Peninah,
Gen. Terry,	Gen. Meade,
F. Y. Batchelor	Fontenelle.

Carrying all Military Stores on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and U. S. MAILS on Upper Missouri River.

One of the ***Peck Line*** steamers leave Sioux City tri weekly for ***Fort Pierre***, landing for *Black Hills*, connecting there with *F. T. Evans* and *Dougherty & Co's* overland freight trains and daily stages for *Deadwood* and all points in the *Black Hills*

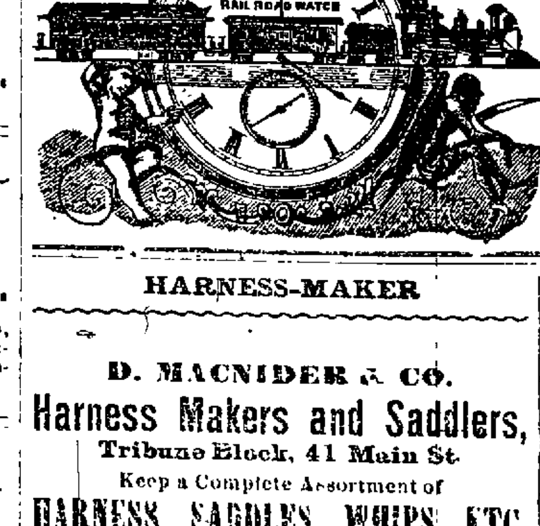
One of the ***Benton Line*** Steamers leave *Sioux City* every *Saturday*, touching at *Bismarck* every *Saturday* to ***Ft. Benton*** head waters of Missouri, connecting with *Ft Benton* overland freight trains and *Benton* and *Helena Daily Stage Line* to "*Helena*," *Butte*, *Yago Mines* and all interior points in *Montana*. The ***Yellowstone Line*** will have a boat leaves ***Bismarck*** every Thursday during season of navigation for all points on *Yellowstone River*.

Steamer HELENA,
- FOR -
FT. BENTON,
Leaves TO-NIGHT, 23 Inst.

Steamer BATCHELOR,
-FOR-
All Points on Yellowstone,
Leaves TUESDAY, 27th Inst.

For freight or passage apply to
J. C. BARR, Gen. Agt., Sheridan House,
BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

JEWELERS



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Dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Eye-Glasses.
Special attention given to all work in our line.
Agents for the justly celebrated
ROCKFORD WATCHES.

HARNESS-MAKER

D. MACNIDER & CO.
Harness Makers and Saddlers,
Tribune Block, 41 Main St
Keep a Complete Assortment of
HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.
Repairing a Specialty. 20tf

ATTORNEY

Thos. Van Etten,
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BISMARCK D. T.

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